

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

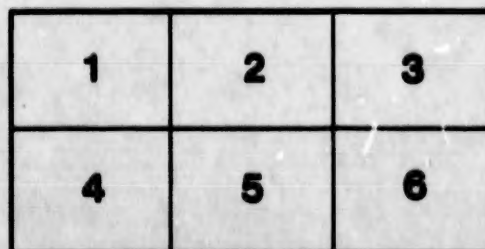
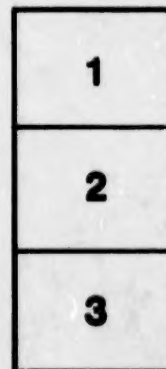
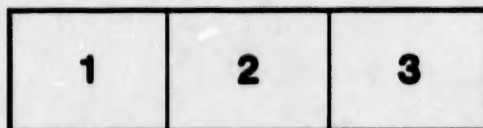
Victoria University Library Toronto

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol  $\rightarrow$  (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol  $\nabla$  (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Victoria University Library Toronto

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole  $\rightarrow$  signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole  $\nabla$  signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

# Village Verse Stories AND OTHER POEMS

By CRAWF. C. SLACK

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS  
BY HIMSELF

NEW YORK: THE RURAL PUBLISHER

Vi

# VILLAGE VERSE STORIES

AND

OTHER POEMS



BY

*CRAWF. C. SLACK*



PAM  
PR93  
SLIV

CANADIANA

21735  
29/9/1910

I  
T  
T  
O  
T  
T  
T  
T  
T  
T  
W  
S  
T  
T  
T  
W  
T  
B  
T  
G  
S  
T  
H  
T  
T  
P  
T

## INDEX TO CONTENTS.

---

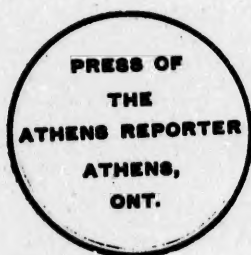
Introduction .....	1
The Village.....	2
Them Ere Wimmen Wants Ter Vote .....	6
Only Ordinary Folks.....	9
The Horse Trade .....	11
The Criticisin' Deacon.....	16
The Life Insurance Man .....	19
The Old Cow Bell .....	22
The Pious Afrigander .....	26
The Old Time Meetin'.....	28
The Building Committee.....	31
When It Takes A Fightin' Feller.....	34
Some Folks They're Alus Complainin' .....	37
The Divorce.....	39
The Ragmuffin's Prayer .....	44
The Puzzled Squire .....	48
When Lucinda Led The Singin' .....	50
The Piano Agent .....	52
Black Sheep Jim.....	56
The Trip Of The Sunset Limited.....	60
Graham Green's Experience.....	66
Simon's Decision .....	68
The Canuck .....	71
The Bulls And The Bears .....	74
Home .....	77
The Days Of " Auld Lang Syne ".....	79
The Old Time Huskin Bee .....	80
The Old Tavern Stove .....	82
Peggy & Co .....	85
To Arms! To Arms!..	87

72  
52  
CAN

A Cart Horse's Soliloquy .....	88
Figure For Yourself .....	90
Keep A Pegging, Pound Away .....	92
A Pretty Rough World Little Chap .....	94
To A Caged Canary .....	96
The District Fair .....	97
Twilight On The Lake .....	99
A Charleston Lake Lyric .....	100
Never Mind .....	102
To Our Fallen Heroes .....	104
A Tribute To The Habitant .....	107
Battease Type Written Letter .....	109
Los' On De Bush .....	110
Old Wes'por' .....	112
Ole White Fish Joe .....	114
My Grand Chile Leetle Joe .....	116
The Habitant's Story .....	118
Old Wes'por' .....	112
Ole White-Fish Joe .....	114
My Gran' Chile Leetle Joe .....	116
The Habitant's Story .....	118
Ole Broc'ville Town .....	121
Off on de Big Hunt .....	124



88  
90  
92  
94  
96  
97  
99  
100  
102  
104  
107  
109  
110  
112  
114  
116  
118  
112  
114  
116  
118  
121  
124



To t

doubt  
mon w  
his is

learn  
writing  
in the  
downs

it is b  
every  
simple  
in kee

must  
all tra  
extrav  
nothin  
litera  
and r  
have  
scarc  
gener  
a man

your  
worth  
and  
help  
thoug

shop

very  
with

# INTRODUCTION.



## To the Public in General :

To begin with this is not a great work, not treasured as such by the author, and doubtless will it be so termed by those into whose hands it may fall. It is but a common work intended for a common folk. Mighty men have written for mighty minds, this is but ordinary, by an ordinary, for the ordinary.

Among the unpretending I have found my characters which I have studied and learned to admire. They are all original and within easy hailing distance at this writing. Among them I have ever lived; shared in their honest kindness, mingled in their sports and pastimes, their sorrows and their vicissitudes, their ups and downs, so to speak, and to them this book is most faithfully ascribed.

In regard to the language, it is the language of the common people, accented as it is by them and within a compass of say one thousand five-hundred words of easy everyday English. I have not studied the lexicons to find "Jaw-breakers" to tell my simple stories and cover up their many faults. Such words would be out of place, not in keeping with the characters not characteristic of myself.

I have endeavored to tell the stories in a free, off-hand, how I have succeeded I must leave to my readers to judge. The incidents and happenings have all transpired, but, of course, they have been exaggerated and treated perhaps too extravagantly to please some of the finer sentiments and those loving the truth and nothing but the truth. "Village Verses" are not without their faults, and I am not so literary blind that I cannot see some of them. Two I will mention, they are irregular and rambling in verse, why I leave them thus I will explain. The characters which have told the stories as they lounged about the corner grocery store at early evening, scarce if ever narrowed down to the text of their quaint stories, but would ramble and generalize. In their rambling I have followed and present them to you as narrated in a marked degree.

In conclusion I beg to say a few words to critics. I do not court favor in your criticisms, all I ask is fair dealing. In summing up should there be anything worthy of commendation please place it to my credit. I am but a working mechanic and when I consider the circumstances under which the work was produced I cannot help but look upon it with some degree of pride, but believe me, without the least thought of conceit whatever.

The thoughts contained therein have been linked together in a carriage paint shop and jotted down after hours, in fact, the work has been my recreation.

The illustrations are of my own creation and from original drawings and is my very first attempt at book illustrating. Hoping my feeble efforts will find some favor with my readers.

I am your well wisher,

**Crawf. C. Slack,**

ATHENS, ONT.



## THE VILLAGE.

You kin boast of city livin' with its splendor an its show,  
 Druther live out in the village where the folks are rather slow—  
 'Mong the clover-scented medders, where the twilight lingers long,  
 And from out the maple wood-land comes a strain of feathered song—  
 Where the brook a-down the hill-side murmurs on with sweet refrain  
 That is borne upon the breezes far away, then back again—  
 Where the children merry-makin', on the village green at play,  
 Seems ter gladden the surroundin's an' ter charm the partin' day—  
 Where the golden summer sun-set gilds the village church's dome,  
 There among the creepin' shadows, I would druther have my home.

See the lazy lowin' cattle zig-zag down the pasture road,  
 Hear the harvest wagon creakin', lumberin' homeward with it's load,  
 See, reflected in the water, slopin' hill with shrub and tree,  
 And ter watch the sombre shadows stealin' o'er the hazy lea;  
 How the lads with forks a-shoulder comin' home as day grows dim,  
 Hear my good old wife a-singin' some old-time familiar hymn.  
 Talk about yer city music and your squeaked voiced city choir,  
 When it comes right down ter singin' they aint in it to inspire  
 She aint no high-paid soprano, filled with pride and college art,  
 Her's is melody from the soul, music from an honest heart.

Wim  
 Some  
 Talk  
 Both  
 An' t  
 Born  
 Lads  
 Some  
 Some  
 Some

When  
 Farm  
 Sittin  
 Talk  
 May  
 Hard  
 Mayb  
 An' k  
 Askin  
 Mayb

There  
 With  
 It cor  
 Quoti  
 Mothe  
 From  
 Tells  
 Tells  
 With  
 Mayb

Blus  
 If ter  
 If ye  
 An' y  
 Go a



Wimen sittin' 'round a-talkin in their home-made flannel frocks ;  
 Some a-mendin' children's clothin', some a knittin' winter socks ;  
 Talkin' 'bout the things that's happened, jokin' 'bout the men, perhaps,  
 Botherin' of some blushin' maiden 'bout some of 'em farmer chaps ;  
 An' the village gossips joins 'em—every place has one of them,  
 Born to carry news and tattle, don't know as we should condemn ;  
 Lads a-imitatin' circus that has lately been ter town,  
 Some a-cuttin' up an' actin' ; some a playin' of the clown,  
 Some a-sellin' of the tickets over on the old milk-stand,  
 Some a-playin' on the whistles, lettin' on they are the band.

When the shades of evenin' deepen an' the hard day's work is o'er,  
 Farmin' lads commence ter gather at the corner grocery store,  
 Sittin' round on dry-goods boxes, swappin' yarns an' tellin' jokes,  
 Talkin' 'bout their crops and cattle, visitin' with the village folks ;  
 May be swappin' off their horses, tradin' jack-knives just fer fun,  
 Hard ter beat them farmin' fellers, fer they're judges everyone.  
 Maybe tradin' off their watches, think they're up ter every trick ;  
 An' kin tell a ratlin' timer just by listenin' to her tick :  
 Askin' one another questions as ter how the timers suit,  
 Maybe holdin' of a parley over the amount of boot.

There, a-comin' is the mail man on his tired and sweatin' nag,  
 With a mint of information in a little leather bag.  
 It contains the weekly papers, givin' all the latest news,  
 Quotin' all the market prices, givin' the produce dealer's views.  
 Mother gets a welcome letter that she's looked for day by day  
 From her only boy that's wandered from the village far away,  
 Tells her all about his doin's an' his goin's to an' fro,  
 Tells her all his little troubles, makes her old heart overflow,  
 With it sends a little token fer ter cheer her anxious fears,  
 Maybe blots the precious letter with a flow of homesick tears.

Blushin' maidens chide the post-man, pure of heart and sweet of voice,  
 If ter them he bears no tidin's from the sweethearts of their choice.  
 If yer lookin' fer a model of fair Virtue on her throne,  
 An' you want ter paint her picture or ter carve her out of stone,  
 Go and seek the rural maiden ere you fall or farther trace,

An' you'll find a moral picture out-lind on her rustic face.  
 Curse the villain, doubly curse him, who with studied sly deceit  
 Wrecks the pinnacle of virtue, leaves the ruin quite complete ;  
 May the hellish phantoms haunt him fer his callous, cruel crime,  
 Brand him traitor, sneakin' coward, let it follow him through time.

The schoolmaster gets his paper, then the men folks flock aroun',  
 He's the reader of the village, and could shine in any town.  
 Talk about your elocutin', he's the best you ever heard.  
 Never missin' of a sentence, never stops to spell a word ;  
 Reads the editorial column, comments on it as he reads,  
 Maybe reads some advertisements settin' forth the people's needs,  
 Maybe gets ter argufyin' with the grocery-man or 'squire  
 He's enough for both em fellers, though they are a knowin' pair,  
 Fer he has the education, knows a sight and knows it well.  
 An' he's a persuadin' feller—thet the youngsters all kin tell.

Now the 'squire an' school-master, better friends you never see,  
 But in politics an' such like, why they never kin agree.  
 They'll get cross-ways with each other, call such names thet are a fright,  
 An' if you didn't know them why you'd think they'd surely fight.  
 'But the only one can stop em is the preacher of the place,  
 An' he softens up the feelin's with his reverence and his grace.  
 He has been sent here among us as a guide from year ter year,  
 He's a kind of guardian angel and ter all the people dear,  
 An' he is the leadin' spirit in the little old stone church,  
 An' fer love and christian piety you need no further search.

Preachin' twice on every Sunday, sowin' kindness through the week,  
 Visitin' the high and lowly, biddin' all the heaven seek ;  
 Preachin' all the funeral sermons, tries to touch our hearts of stone,  
 Sympathizin' with the mourners just as if he was theirown ;  
 Marries all the village maidens, then, his countenance a beam,  
 Hither where the good man passes things somehow the brighter seem ;  
 Tendin' all the village meetin's, opens, closes all with prayer,  
 An' his presence fills the places with a kind of pious air—  
 Couldn't help but like him, somehow, couldn't help it if I tried,  
 Preached a sermon Sunday evenin', must admit I nearly cried.

In a  
 Ther  
 Resti  
 He, a  
 Neve  
 Made  
 Docto  
 Made  
 Now,  
 For t

Yond  
 Wher  
 Wher  
 And  
 Far f  
 Stand  
 Built  
 'Tis a  
 Land  
 In the

Need  
 Druth  
 'Mon  
 Wher  
 Wher  
 Ther

In a modest little dwellin', hid away among the trees,  
 There the friend an' benefactor, the aged doctor lives at ease.  
 Restin' now upon his laurels, well deservin' public praise,  
 He, a peer among the learned and a sage in by-gone days.  
 Never hoarded up much money, never worked because of gain,  
 Made his themé the thirst of knowledge and his garner was the brain;  
 Doctored rich and poor as equal, drivin' through the sleet and snow,  
 Made no matter as ter distance, for the poor he'd farther go.  
 Now, he' restin' from his labors, poor in purse but rich in fame,  
 For the years of stress and trial, this the recompense—a name.

Yonder on the loamy hill-side, 'mong the fields of wavin' corn,  
 Where the creepin' mornin' glory nods ter meet the early morn,  
 Where in spring the merry martins build their nests beneath the eaves,  
 And the hang bird swings her hammock 'mong the green and shady leaves,  
 Far from town and city splendor, free from tyranny secure,  
 Stands the county house of refuge, home of the deservin' poor;  
 Built there by the county people for the poor and those in need  
 'Tis a monument of kindness, Heaven will reward the deed.  
 Lands! they live like reignin' monarchs, seem ter be the favored few,  
 In thet home the people gave them, only one some ever knew.

Needn't talk ter me 'bout livin' in the city with its show,  
 Druther live 'mong these surroundin's where the folks are rather slow,  
 'Mong the clover-scented medders an' the fields of wavin' grain,  
 Where the brook a-down the hill-side murmurs on with sweet refrain,  
 Where the golden summer sun-set gilds the village church's dome—  
 There among the slantin' shadows, I would druther have my home.

## THEM ERE WIMMEN WANTS TER VOTE.

I don't want ter be fault-finding with the wimmen nor ther views,  
 They've a right ter ther opinion an' ter tell 'em if they choose,  
 Ner I don't like busybodies pryin' in ner snoopin' 'round,  
 They are never in ther places, alus visitin' around.  
 Course I like ter see the wimmen goin' 'round an' doin' good,  
 An' I like to see 'em havin' all the equal rights they should,  
 But when they get down to votin', over that I'll never gloat,  
 Don't think she was calculated fer ter 'lectioneer an' vote.

Don't think voting is ther mission, though I know ther good ter scheme,  
 Couldn't be so much deceivin', bein' less than what they seem, 'n'  
 Couldn't be so mean and sneakin', stealin' 'round a buyin' votes,  
 An' I'm 'fraid they'd flood the market with ther stock of new turn-coats  
 Now I think thet every woman has a good work to impart,  
 Thet there's a lovin' halo circle round a woman's heart,  
 An' I wouldn't like ter see her so degraded and remote,  
 Sneakin' 'round a buyin' turn-coats, runnin' ter the polls ter vote.

I was in my garden weedin' out my beet an' onion beds,  
 When tew maidens sauntered by me thet had votin' in ther heads,  
 An' they hed a long petition signed by all the names afloat  
 Prayin' ter them chaps at "By-Town" fer ter let the wimmen vote.  
 My old noddle got ter thinkin' 'bout 'em gals an' wimmen's rights,  
 I concluded what they needed was the real old marriage rites,  
 Then I thought perhaps they'd cast better men than me afloat,  
 Goin' ter run the ship of state, goin' ter 'lectioneer and vote.

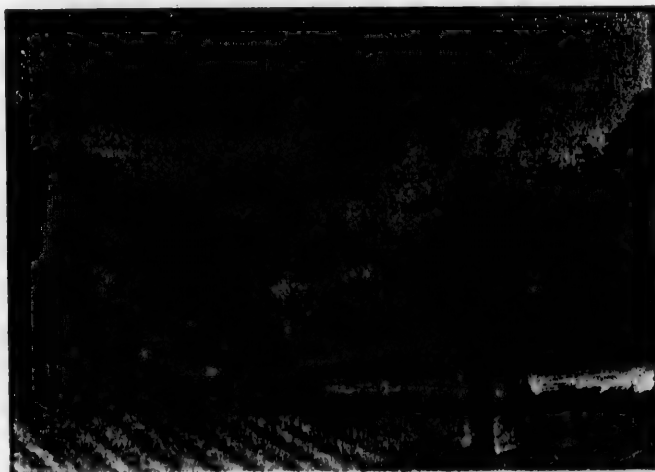
Didn't ask me fer ter sign it, guess they thought they'd better not,  
 I'm not lled fer thet ere subject an' I'm liable ter run hot,  
 But they went an' called on Hanner, she lit on 'em rather stout,  
 Asked 'em all about the matter, fer she wanted ter find out.  
 Then they said the whiskey question didn't turn out as it should,

Han  
 Ther  
 Said  
 Said  
 Dru

OTE.

heme,  
rn-coatss,  
ote.  
s,

s,



"I was in my garden weedin' out my beet an' onion beds  
When two damsels they passed by me thet hed votin' in their heads."

Hannar asked 'em could they help it, said they ruther thought they could.  
Then she asked 'em if ther men folk didn't vote to keep it down,  
Said they didn't have no men folk, wouldn't have a man aroun',  
Said fer men they didn't hanker on 'em they did never dote,  
Druther be a platform stumper, druther 'lectioneer an' vote.

Now, I don't know mother's feelin's but I'll wager some with you  
 Thet she wouldn't swap me off, Sir, fer the Whig an' Tory crew,  
 An' the children, Heaven bless you, loves 'em more 'en tongue can tell,  
 Nothin' pleases her old heart more than to know they're doin' well.  
 She worked hard to bring 'em up, Sir, had no time to chase around,  
 Now they are a credit to her, 'bout the best there is around,  
 Yes, she guided 'em all right, sir, taught 'em right from wrong by note,  
 Had no time ter float pertitions, never cared ter run an' vote.

Mother, she's a legislator, but she's done it in her home,  
 Taught the children ways an' means that will help them should they roam,  
 Settled all the family matters that arose from day to day.  
 An' a mighty strong debator if things didn't go her way.  
 Course we've had our little squabbles, mostly alus me to blame,  
 But she never held no hardness, alus loved me just the same,  
 Reckon there would been a coolness if she'd tried to turn my coat,  
 Or went out lectioneerin', got some chap to spoil my vote.

Now, I think a woman should for her home give up her all,  
 She can make it hell or heaven, they are both within her call,  
 I don't mean to cage her up, sir, like a bird or beast of prey,  
 Give her all the rights there are, let her run it just her way.  
 Say I wouldn't give a sentence of a lovin' woman's prayer  
 For a hull year's legislatin' of 'em politicians there,  
 But for 'em to go a-votin', over thet I'd never gloat,  
 They were never calculated fer ter 'lectioneer an' vote.

I've travelled round a bit, sir, an' I've failed to even trace  
 Anything so well adapted as a woman in her place,  
 When you hear a man amakin' 'bout his wife a great ado,  
 You can alus bet your nickle she's the best one of the tow.  
 You can take the wide world over maybe not with sword or pen,  
 But a woman in her proper place is worth a dozen men,  
 But when she gets out a-votin', over that I do not gloat,  
 She was never calculated fer ter 'lectioneer er vote.



You ma  
 And yo  
 You wi  
 And 'm  
 You wi  
 You wi  
 You wi  
 But abo

Now, p  
 Is to st  
 You wi  
 All a'a  
 Some p  
 Some f  
 Some a  
 But you

You wi  
 'Mong  
 They v  
 But the  
 You wi  
 Catchin  
 Course  
 Nothin

You m  
 That fo  
 But yo  
 Man ca  
 'Tis no  
 He wi  
 But the  
 You wi

## ONLY ORDINARY FOLKS.

You may travel in this country from the centre to the sea  
 And you'll meet all kinds of people of a high and low degree ;  
 You will meet all kinds of people, as you tramp from place to place,  
 And 'most always tell their standing by a study of their face ;  
 You will meet the unpresuming and a few that "knows it all,"  
 You will meet the educated, and a heap with brass and gall,  
 You will meet the serious people and the kind made up of jokes  
 But about the grandest people are just ordinary folks.

Now, perhaps the finest study that about you'll find  
 Is to study well yourself and the rest of mortal kind.  
 You will find a page of fiction wrapt up in each precious soul,  
 All a'acting in life's drama, playing each a different role.  
 Some play parts without a limit, others play a smaller game,  
 Some for love and some for money, some are playing for a name,  
 Some are little vines a'creeping, others tower like giant oaks,  
 But you'll find the best of people are just ordinary folks.

You will meet all kinds of Christians with their dogmas en their creeds ;  
 'Mong them find the Sunday Christian with his shady Monday deeds.  
 They will preach their varied doctrines, and their piety proclaim,  
 But there's many that are crooked and need watching just the same.  
 You will overtake some fellers that are polished to a fault,  
 Catching far more flies with sugar than they ever could with salt.  
 Course you'll meet some honest fellers, that ain't wearing of no cloaks—  
 Nothing counterfelt about 'em only ordinary folks.

You may take this thing for granted, fully settled in your mind,  
 That folks seldom get to towering much above their kin en kind,  
 But you'll notice, in discerning, if you're sly en closely scan,  
 Man can't make the woman, but the woman makes the man.  
 'Tis not always sterling manhood constitutes the belted knight ;  
 He will never make a hero if he warn't born to fight.  
 But the men to make the heroes, bear the burdens and the yokes,  
 You will find down in the district of the ordinary folks.



You may fancy high positions with their titles and their gold,  
 Boast about your reigning monarchs, honored knights and princes bold :  
 Take the world's great men and women of our times and long ago,  
 They are not from off the highest, neither are they of the low  
 Mark the heroes and the leaders, mark the mighty men of state.  
 Mark the thinkers and inventors, mark all who are truly great.  
 Most of earth's great benefactors, men of minds with hearts of oak,  
 They are of the world's great army of just ordinary folk.

If the big world's sweetest singers only sang the higher tones,  
 How we'd long to hear the music of the mellow lower ones !  
 If the poets all were cultured, chanted but with classic art,  
 How we'd miss the simple ballad for to cheer the humble heart !  
 If but grandest chimes were ringing, if but largest bells were rung,  
 If but choicest organs bellowed, if the grandest choirs but sung,  
 How we'd miss the old time metres as the humble soul invokes,  
 How we'd miss the plaintive music of the ordinary folks !

If the maidens all were titled and were haughty, proud and vain,  
 Who would grace the rustic cottage of the honest toiling swain ?  
 Who would be the patient mother, who would heed the childish cry ?  
 Who would rock to sleep the children, sing the soothing lullaby,  
 Who would teach the lisping infant little easy words of prayer ?  
 Was there no kind, loving mother, who would trouble, who would care ?  
 Give to me the shady saplings rather than the towering oaks ;  
 Let me have my habitation 'mong the ordinary folks.

Give to me the leafy sapling and love's little shady bowers—  
 You may linger in the shadow of the mighty oak that towers  
 Give to me the wayside cottage and the little deeds of love—  
 You may have the gilded mansion you may tower and soar above.  
 Let me sing in common metre, in the mellow lower tones ;  
 You can be the first soprano, sing the classic higher ones.  
 Let me share in deeds of kindness, that in is all the heart invokes,  
 Just an ordinary mortal 'mong the ordinary folks.



## THE HORSE TRADE.

My good mother taught me lessons that were worth my weight in gold,  
 Er if I'd but practiced of them I'd been richer double fold.  
 When a lad out on the homestead, she would take me on her knee—  
 Think I could repeat a hundred maxims that she taught ter me.  
 There were 'bout a dozen of us by which the old home was blest,  
 But she seemed ter take an interest in me more than all the rest.  
 Can't tell why thet she took to me with her love and interest deep,  
 'Cept it was that I was reckless, en perhaps the blackest sheep  
 Strange that alus in a home fold filled with children great en small  
 There will be a favorite 'mong em, mother has a choice in all.

Well I won't take up your time, Sir, with the maxims at my call,  
 Fer I know you ain't got time fer tew listen tew em all.  
 But if you'll just curb your temper, I will tell you one or two,  
 Then I'll trot on with my story en I'll hurry an' get through.  
 There is one thet I remember, which I've lately made my own,  
 It's "When pennies turn to pounds, why let well enough alone"  
 "'Tisn't alus best of tradesman that you'll see with best of tools."  
 En "Fer every real smart fellow, there's about four hundred fools."  
 You may think you are the smartest of all the real smart kind,  
 But you'll run agin a feller some day thet will beat you blind,  
 En I've come tew the conclusion that I'm not the brightest gem  
 En of the four hundred foolish, well, I guess I'm one of them.

Once I thought thet I was posted en was pretty middlin' smart,  
 En could tell a piece of horse-flesh from a load of hay er cart,  
 An' I had an old-time servant thet I'd owned for twenty year,  
 He was a kind of stand by and ter all the family dear.  
 Why, I used ter drive him courtin' 'mong the maidens near an' fer,  
 En my wife she's often told me that he helped in winnin' her.  
 Well, he was a winnin' feller, worth his weight in worldly pelf,  
 Fer when we was courtin' sometimes he would have to drive himself  
 But he had got old en shaky en he had a heavy cough,  
 So I thought I'd put him into shape en try en trade him off.

I doctored up his heavey cough and drove him down ter town,  
 En it was my great intentions fer ter do some dealer brown.  
 Fer the old horse looked the slickest en my schemes en plans were made,  
 So if I ran across a dealer why I'd stump him fer a trade.  
 Well, I overtook a feller thet was in the tradin' line,  
 He'd a younger lookin' pelter but in no such shape as mine.  
 When we used the usual par'ey, such as all horse traders do,  
 I admit our crooked stories wouldn't grace a church's pew,  
 Ner they wouldn't become a parson ner a deacon none the less,  
 Though they often swap their horses they don't lie so much I gue-s.

When he asked me 'bout his age, then I set my schemes afloat,  
 En you bet I didn't tell him he was old enough tew vote,  
 Couldn't tell it by his teeth—fer I had em all filed off—  
 Had him doped for em ere blow heaves en he never gave a cough.  
 I was lookin' round his pelter, pickin' here and there a flaw,  
 When he said "He's true as steel, Sir, do you good ter see him draw."  
 So, when we had disagreed en talked a half a day about  
 We decided tew some loafers there thet we would leave it out.  
 Then they looked the horses over en decided, if 'twould suit,  
 That I should have a difference, thet is, a little boot.

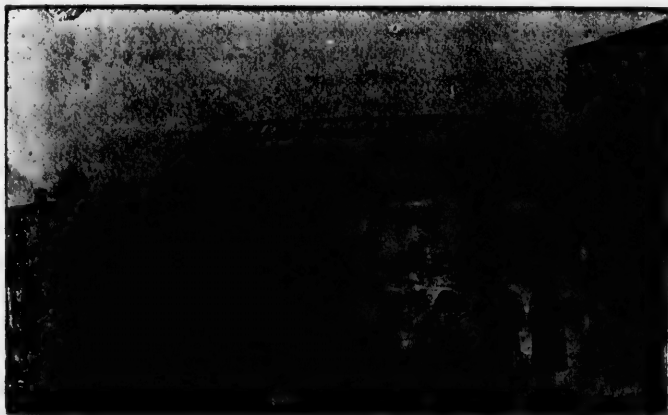
They decided on five dollars, then I felt my conscience grip,  
 But you see I got the money an' I let the old horse slip.  
 En forgot him?—No, I'll never, for a tear came to my eye  
 When he gave a little whinner just as if ter say good-bye.  
 Say, em chaps were his disciples, they'd swapped for him many a time,  
 En the horse they let me have, Sir, why he wasn't worth a dime.  
 "See him draw" he said would please me, reckon it would please me some,  
 Wasn't drawin' when we traded ner he wouldn't draw me home.  
 Guess he wasn't made for drawin', hasn't drew a pound since then,  
 He could scarcely draw his breath, Sir, wouldn't draw a settin' hen.

Now, my wife was dead agin this, en the children all did cry,  
 So I went ter see thet trader an' ter get him back did try.  
 When he said I was a kicker en a squealer from the start,  
 Why I said I'd stand the bargain though it nearly broke my heart.  
 So I started fer the homestead, en about the hardest blow  
 Was to meet my wife en children, have em ask about Old Joe.  
 I'd of given all the horses over which I drew a rein  
 Just ter drove thet all black pelter home tew wife and child again.  
 Why I longed ter see him feedin' down there on the pasture land  
 En ter hear the children call him, see em feed him from their hand.

Here  
 Alone  
 Lads  
 But  
 Well  
 Leave  
 Till  
 Did

Th  
 Th  
 Th  
 En  
 Th  
 En  
 En  
 W  
 E  
 G

Here's another little lesson, for which one I've dearly paid,  
 Along with many others that I learned through that ere trade:  
 Lads can set toy ships a-sallin', draw them in from their string's ends,  
 But a man can't allus do that when he's partin' with old friends.  
 Well I went ter tradin' round, Sir, with them schemers en them beats,  
 Leavin' of it out ter en a-settin' up the treats,  
 Till I got ter be a loafer, got ter be a tradin' crank.  
 Didn't have a horse's halter, didn't have a halter shank.



"With 'em schemers an' 'em beats."

Then I traded calves and helpers, traded hogs en traded cows,  
 Trucked and traded lumber wagons, traded sulkies, traded plows,  
 Traded roosters, traded pullets, traded of the shepherd cur,  
 En if wife she hadn't kicked, guess I'd been a-tradin' her.  
 Traded watches, traded jack-knives, goin' from the bad ter worse,  
 Everything it had tew swap, Sir, got ter be a reg'lar curse,  
 En fer me, well, I was runnin' 'round the district here en there,  
 Why I wouldn't put a fence up, fer the farm I didn't care,  
 En there seemed ter come a blight, fer the crops they wouldn't grow  
 Guess it was a visitation fer the way I'd used Old Joe.

Luck it seems ter be agin me, guess Old Nick was on my track,  
 En I'd vowed I go a huntin' fer Old Joe and bring him back.  
 Boards were off the barn en stable, hinges of the cow shed door,  
 Sheep en cows in spring were dyin', what was left was thin en poor.  
 Wife, she used ter scold en jaw me, used ter fret en cry en frown,  
 Said I'd better go en stay there with them loafers in the town,  
 En what used tew grieve me sorely was tew hear the children low  
 Pleadin' in their little prayers fer ter bring em back Old Joe.  
 They were alus talkin' 'bout him, wonderin' if he was cold,  
 Hopin' no one would abuse him, poor old fellow now so old.



"H'ed become so old and useless they had turned him out to die."

Well when I arose one mornin' it was stormin' sleet en rain,  
 Just as true as I am talking, Old Joe he stood in the lane,  
 There he stood, Sir, cold en hungry, just ter see him made me sigh,  
 He'd become so old en useless they had turned him out tew die.  
 Say, I ran right out en took him to the stable right away,  
 En I rubbed him till he warmed, Sir, filled the manger full of hay.  
 Wasn't I a tickled mortal, well you bet it pleased me some,  
 Why I'd put him in the parlor but I'd make him feel at home  
 All the children ran to see him, on he knew em everyone,  
 En my wife she almost kissed him, just ter see her it was fun.

Well we  
 Had his  
 En he se  
 En in ju  
 In the s  
 Where t  
 Why th  
 Hardly  
 He stay  
 When t  
 En we t  
 In the f

This, S  
 Though  
 There  
 Now, I  
 En I te  
 Thet I  
 Now, t  
 Won't  
 It won  
 With r

Well we nursed him like like a baby, en he seemed ter take new life,  
 Had his coat all slick and shinin', did the children en my wife,  
 En he seemed ter turn our fortune, fer I stopped a-runnin' round,  
 En in just a year er tew, Sir, my credit it was sound.  
 In the spring we let him pasture 'mong the apple trees in bloom,  
 Where the children they could pet him, where my wife could feed en groom.  
 Why they wouldn't let me hitch him, wouldn't even let him rake,  
 Hardly let him switch the flies off, wouldn't drive him to the lake.  
 He stayed with us quite a while, Sir, think it was ten or eleven year.  
 When the poor old fellow died, Sir, that whole household shed a tear.  
 En we laid him on the hill-side, 'mong the clover en the corn,  
 In the field he'd plowed so often, on the farm where he was born.

This, Sir, is my tradin' story, guess you're glad thet I've got through,  
 Though I've stretched yarns 'bout my horses, this 'ere one I vow 'tis true.  
 There has been a reformation, thet is, in regards ter me,  
 Now, I am a prosperous farmer en contented as can be,  
 En I tell this little story fer ter warn some other chaps  
 Thet I know are alus tradin' en a truckin' old traps.  
 Now, this settin' 'round the village, tradin' en a-tellin' yarns  
 Won't put bushels in yer bins ner nail shingles on your barns,  
 It won't keep the cook-stove hummin' ner won't buy your winter clothes,  
 With me it's been demonstrated, you may bet it's me thet knows.



## THE CRITICISIN' DEACON.

In this 'ere busy century good books are very few,  
The wordin' little cared for if the subject is but new;  
The subjects too are nearly done on which to found a tale,  
The plots are worn and threadbare the humor old en stale.  
At the best they're imitations, just a lot of wordy trash,  
Wrote up by some schemin' fellers that's a fishin' fer the cash,  
En they have such horrid titles that ter read em gives me pain,  
Have to get my dear old Bible fer tew set me right again.

I don't think the've eny right, sir, ter be gainin' public reps,  
Writin' of a fiction novel, callin' of it "In His Steps";  
Don't think they have eny rights in the pulpit er the pew  
Ter be judgin the Redeemer er a tellin' what he'd do.  
Course they say it's of the Master written in His holy name,  
Sir, I don't believe 'em fellers, it's fer money er fer fame;  
We're unfit to trace his footsteps, take the purest en the best,  
Thet is round this eastern district, mebbe the'yre better west.

Tryin' to outdo the scriptures en them saintly men of old,  
They that wrote the wondrous story, sweetest story ever told:  
Preachin' of such awful sermons shocks me when I hear em tell  
'Bout a certain modern city en its seven roads to Hell.  
Don't believe that modern city was so bad and void of grace,  
Wonder if 'twas eny better with that preacher in the place,  
Often wonder if destruction was to visit that ere spot  
If that preacher of sensation was culled out as was Lot.

I don't wonder at em sayin' that the church is goin' back,  
Think the ininisters in general are off the beaten track,  
They take politics to conference then wrangle o'er them there,  
En ter polish up the matter end the parley up with prayer.  
Then they don't preach as they used ter, haven't got the savin' grace,  
Got ter doubtin' 'bout that brimstone, run they're chance on t'other place.  
At the good old-time revivals hundreds turned tew lives anew,  
Now they're doin' mighty wonders if they get back one or two.

I'm a he  
He'll fin  
He will  
Get fer  
When h  
En tew  
Has ter  
Then I

When h  
En polis  
En writ  
Have ter  
When h  
En ter k  
Guess h  
Bet he'll

If he thi  
En thet  
When su  
Then he  
He'll ne  
Fer he'll  
He will  
Fer-ther

He will  
Fer ter  
Have to  
Er he'll  
He will  
When h  
Then I  
En that

Guess it  
Fer tew  
It will g  
It will b



I'm a hearin' that a preacher wants ter run the printin' press,  
 He'll find some work connected with it en some brains required I guess,  
 He will have to write en comment on the topics of the times,  
 Get fer pay more cast-iron slander then he will in silver dimes.  
 When his wages ain't collected by the church committeeman,  
 En tew keep away the sheriff he is forced to scheme en plan,  
 Has ter deal with cranks en poets en the public on the whole,  
 Then I reckon he will wonder if the people have a soul.

When he has tew write up politics en politicians all,  
 En polish up a scandal en every drunken brawl,  
 En write up a country weddin' en put all presents in,  
 Have ter please a readin' public which is very thin of skin  
 When he has to rack his think-pot fer to right the wrong thet's done  
 En ter kink his neck a watchin' some grieved feller with a gun,  
 Guess he'll think it t'aint no picnic ner no social barbecue,  
 Bet he'll long fer thet ere pulpit where he had to please but few.

If he thinks ter run a paper don't require no extra brains,  
 En thet all thet's necessary is tew scribble, count the gains  
 When subscribers wants tew pay him off in rotten wood en hay,  
 Then he'll need all his religion en he'll need it every day  
 He'll need all his religion en a little cash to spare,  
 Fer he'll find the hard-up printer doesn't take his pay in prayer.  
 He will need ter get up early en ter stay up kinder late,  
 Fer there won't be no committee-man tew pass around the plate.

He will have ter be a storehouse filled with knowledge by the way,  
 Fer ter furnish information for a mighty little pay;  
 Have to boll his notes en comments en be careful 'bout reports  
 Er he'll find himself defendant in the heartless libel courts.  
 He will need tew stretch his stories when the news is runnin' slim,  
 When he strikes the "Woman's Column" reckon thet will settle him;  
 Then I reckon he will hanker for the pulpit en the pew  
 En that quiet little chapel where he had to please but tew.

Guess it is a speculation, just another western fako.  
 Fer tew advertise their paper and to raise a little stake.  
 It will go well for a season en take well for a while;  
 It will be a novel feature, and he oughter make a pile.

Wonder 'bout how long he'll run it; I suppose it will depend  
How the people they take to it and the future dividend;  
In the runnin' of that paper, say, I reckon he'll discern  
More about men en their manners, then he ever hopes ter learn.

I'm just kickin' in the traces, but don't think me mean en small,  
But I don't believe thet preacher, more than I do, know it all;  
Better stick to his religion, better wait en watch en pray,  
Er like many other fellers, he'll be losin' it some day.  
Keep a givin to the needy; tew the troubled speak n' cheer,  
En the world it will be better just for his a livin' here.  
Keep a-preachin', keep a-prayin', scatter round the Christian crumbs;  
Don't be judgin' the Redeemer, he will right things when he comes.



# THE LIFE INSURANCE MAN.

I've been diggin' on the farm now nigh on to twenty year,  
 And I'm rich in bought experience that I've paid for mighty dear;  
 I've run the smooth-tongued gauntlet of chaps a hundred times  
 Who've come around with patent things a-fishin' for my dimes.  
 There's been the patent drag man, men with patent fannin' mills,  
 And smooth-tongued chaps with sulky plows and scores of patent drills;  
 All had a different story, all had a different plan,  
 But the smooth'st, slick'st feller was the life insurance man.

He came around one summer when the crops were lookin' well,  
 And he kind of picked out Hanner his story for to tell;  
 He worked on Hanner's feelin's; well that's not hard to do,  
 For Hanner, like all good wimmen, has a heart that's kind and true.  
 He told her death-bed stories, and he said that "every wife  
 Should have a big insurance upon her husband's life."  
 Then he sent my Hanner to me with a silver-plated plan,  
 Yes, he was the slick'st feller, that life insurance man.

He hinted that a country life fer him it had a charm,  
 And started then to compliment me upon my stock and farm;  
 By lookin' at a farmer's stock he said that he could tell  
 Whether the farmer was behind or whether doin' well.  
 I thought the matter over and I wondered how he would,  
 But I've come to a conclusion and rather guess he could;  
 For he was a knowin' feller with the slickest little plan,  
 That real slippery-elm schemer, the life insurance man.

He said he idolized my team and made some other vows,  
 He asked what cheese was sellin' and all about my cows;  
 He asked 'bout my religion, and when he learned the name,  
 He said he kind of thought so and said he was the same.  
 And when we sat down to dinner he made a little prayer,  
 But when my bees they stung him Hanner thought she heard him swear;  
 Guess he was the biggest hypocrite of all the schemin' clan,  
 That nickel-plated, educated, life insurance man.

Now, my Hanner has influence over me I must admit,  
 And when she told that feller's yarns it touched me quite a bit,  
 And knowin' she had allus been a good and faithful wife,  
 I consented there and then for insurance on my life.  
 And she said to make the payment that they had planned it all,  
 For she'd take the turkey money and meet it in the fall.  
 Yes, he was the slickest feller and he has the slickest plan,  
 He's veneered and highly polished, the life insurance man.

When I thought the matter over and concluded it was square,  
 If Hanner she insured me, to insure her was but fair;  
 Now, that's just what he was fishing for, the consummated cuss,  
 He said that for a trifle more he'd insure both of us.  
 So he wrote up two agreements for her and I to sign,  
 I held Hanner's fer two thousand, and Hanner she held mine;  
 He kind of smiled politely, as only agents can,  
 For he is a polished feller—the life insurance man.

The note was eighty dollars, I thought it rather steep  
 For Hanner and I to grub for and pay out in a heap;  
 Then he smiled again so winning and said he'd figured out  
 That the turkey cash would pay it or somewhere thereabout.  
 He said the risk was very great, as we were growing old,  
 That ere the turkey killin' time, in death we might be cold;  
 Then he squeezed a little tear out to moisten up his plan,  
 He's a sympathetic feller—the life insurance man.

He told kind-hearted Hanner that "she could rest content,  
 If I died she'd get the money though I'd never paid a cent."  
 She thought that a good investment and I did too the same,  
 And to the cast iron documents we scribbled down our name.  
 He thanked us very kindly and said it did him good  
 To see a couple doin' fer each other as they should,  
 And, said he, I'll come and see you as often as I can,  
 And we cried, both me and Hanner, o'er the life insurance man.

Yes, the partin' it was friendly, but it ended there you bet,  
 And though I've been looking for him, I haven't seen him yet;  
 But there came a writtin' token which was worded rather frank,  
 Which informed both me and Hanner that our notes were in the bank.

And  
 And  
 Yes,  
 For

The  
 Wel  
 But  
 And  
 I've  
 If I  
 But  
 I ad

And that we prepare to meet them seemed to be the chief request,  
And it never even mentioned the turkeys or their nest.  
Yes, that precious little token upset the whole year plan,  
For the cheese money went to pay the life insurance man.

The chicken crop was a failure, and for the turkeys, they—  
Well, what the foxes didn't steal, got drowned in the whey,  
But I paid it every cent, Sir; then I made a solemn vow,  
And I'd like to see the agent that I'd blubber over now.  
I've been readin' up the prize fights, put myself in fightin' trim;  
If I run across that feller, I will even up with him;  
But he deserves some credit for the way he worked his plan;  
I admit he is a corker—that are life insurance man.



# THE OLD COW BELL.



You may boast of classic music with  
its grace notes and its swells,  
Boast about your grand pianos and  
your high toned chiming bells,  
Of your horns and harps and organs  
tuned up to the highest C,  
But the old time metal cow bell some-  
how has a charm for me.  
It restores to me fond memories,  
cheers my wanderings to an' fro,  
Takes me back to home and mother,  
to the happy long ago,  
To a little rustic cottage, to the  
meadows in the dell,  
I'm a boy just for the moment, lis-  
tening to that old cow-bell.

I remember the log stable, with its boarded gables grey,  
Where beneath the eaves the swallows built their cosy nests of clay ;  
I remember the old farm-barn and the shed with opening wide  
Where the sheep would stamp defiance at the collie by my side ;  
The old corn crib and hay ricks and the unthreshed stooks of grain,  
Oft I fancy I can see them standing 'long the narrow lane ;  
And there steels a longing o'er me for those scenes I loved so well  
When I ran to hunt the cattle, list'ning for the old cow-bell.

I remember the old chapel standing on the shady knoll,  
The old dam and water mill and the old time "swimmin' hole,"  
Where we'd burn our backs to blisters running naked in the sun,  
There we'd gather in the twilight when the day's hard task was done.  
How I long to see my playmates, grasp their little sun-burnt hands,  
Meet them on the village green where the dear old school-house stands,  
Scamper o'er the hills and meadows, through the woodlands, down the dell,  
Run away and drive the cattle, listen to the old cow-bell.

Yes, it  
To the  
To the  
To the  
To the  
Oft I f  
As we  
From t

Often v  
'Twou  
Hat in  
Halting  
Calling  
Casting  
How n  
Just th

How i  
As the  
Throu  
Just t  
Soon t  
I behi  
Could  
Be a b

Ah, th  
Still t  
And a  
To the  
To the  
Sharli  
Scamp  
d  
Run a

You n  
Boast  
Of yo  
But t

Yes, it calls me back to childhood, to companions young and gay,  
 To the old farm and the homestead with its roof moss-grown and grey ;  
 To the maples and the elms, where the song bird built her nest,  
 To that little turret bed-room, there to take a pleasant rest ;  
 To the old friends and the best, to that girl sweet-heart so shy.  
 Oft I fancy we are strolling through the woodlands she and I—  
 As we pluck the nodding daises, gather ferns adown the dell,  
 From the pasture-lands old brindle gently tinkles the cow bell.

Often when the hay was making and the cattle had not come,  
 'Twould be late ere I would scamper off to hunt and bring them home  
 Hat in hand I'd run with fleetness, my young heart so filled with fear,  
 Halting here and there a moment that old cow-bell just to hear—  
 Calling " co-boss " in my fleeing thinking it would serve to scare,  
 Casting many glances backwards lest things catch me unaware.  
 How my heart would beat with gladness as upon my ears there fell  
 Just the faintest tinkle, tinkle of the old time metal bell.

How it filled my heart with courage, that faint tinkle from afar,  
 As the strains of martial music spur the soldiers on to war ;  
 Through the the thickest bush and bramble, fearlessly then I would go  
 Just to hear that tinkling cow-bell, then I feared no woodland foe.  
 Soon the cattle would be wending down the long and narrow lane,  
 I behind them blithe and merry, whistling on in sweet refrain,  
 Could I but return to childhood, to those scenes I loved so well,  
 Be a boy, go hunt the cattle, listen for the old cow-bell.

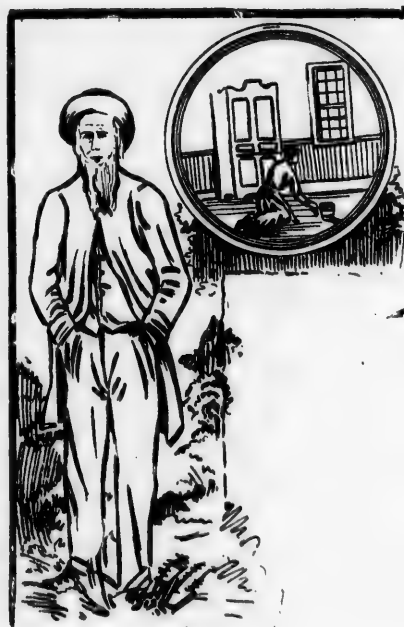
Ah, the years have been so varied since I left that cottage home,  
 Still those childhood scenes they cheer me as afar I whither roam,  
 And a longing sweet steals o'er me, back through many years now fled,  
 To the room beneath the rafters, to that little trundle bed,  
 To the old friends 'round the homestead, to a boy so blithe and gay,  
 Sharing in a mother's kindness 'round her knee at close of day,  
 Scampering o'er the hills and meadows, through the woodlands down the  
 dell,

Run away to drive the cattle, listen to the old cow bell.

You may boast of classic music with its grace notes and its swells,  
 Boast about your grand pianos and your high-toned chiming bells,  
 Of your horns and harps and organs tuned up to the highest C,  
 But the old time metal cow bell somehow has a charm for me.



# WHEN THEY PAINT THE KITCHEN FLOOR



That old kitchen is my home, Sir, rainy days and every night.  
 And of course I like it tidy and the floor scrubbed good and white  
 But why they should daub and paint it, try its beauty to beguile,  
 I have never really larned, 'cept it was just for the style.  
 Now I aint no high-toned feller, just a farmer out in Leeds,  
 And I pretty near come knowin' what an old time kitchen needs,  
 And I'm willin' fer tew settle all the bills down at the store,  
 But I'm hanged if I will settle for thet paint thet's on the floor.

Them old pine boards, they were plenty good enough for wife and me,  
 But since Jack brought his new woman it is different, you see,  
 And the wimen they'll be wimen, let them come from near or fer,  
 And when the new wife she said "paint," Hanner sided in with her ;

I can stand the spring-time c'ean-  
 up, with the things all upside  
 down,

When the meals are always late  
 and my Hanner wears a frown;

I don't mind blue Monday's wash-  
 in' nor the baby howlin' nights,

I can just lay down and slumber  
 fer I know thet's baby's rights;

I can stand the cows a-jumpin'  
 and a-getting in the corn,

And the turkeys gettin' lost never  
 causes me to mourn ;

These a feller quite gets used to,  
 all them things and many more,

But it kind of knocks me out like  
 when they paint the kitchen  
 floor.

So they  
 And the  
 Perhaps  
 But at p

Yes, the  
 And the  
 Painted  
 Made m  
 Painted  
 That ha  
 Lucky t  
 While t

Yes, I'd  
 For it so  
 Get my  
 Dry my  
 Get my  
 There I  
 There t  
 But they

Wife, sh  
 Thet I'd  
 Course,  
 But I w  
 Lands,  
 For all  
 Many h  
 But the

Now I  
 And the  
 I've lai  
 There a  
 And I  
 For the  
 But don  
 No I'm

So they painted it a yellor, least-wise that's what Hanner said,  
 And the neighbor wimen spiff around and say they like the shade.  
 Perhaps I'll get to like it maybe better than before,  
 But at present I'm agin it—thet are paint upon the floor.

Yes, they made me eat my dinner in the woodshed for a week,  
 And they'd kind o' snap me up like if about the floor I'd speak,  
 Painted the old sprint broom handle, put some on the old wood-box,  
 Made me put on carpet slippers or walk over it in my socks,  
 Painted up the back verander, then they took my poor old dog  
 That had always slept upon it and they chained him to a log.  
 Lucky thing I had the deed, Sir, or they'd have put me out the door  
 While that cussed stuff was drying on thet old farm kitchen floor.

Yes, I'd ruther have the floor all scrubbed up so good and white,  
 For it seems to me more home like when Im settin' 'round at night,  
 Get my pipe and plug tebacker out to take my usual smoke,  
 Dry my old grey woollen socks, jokin' with the wimmen folk,  
 Get my old bark-bottomed chair cocked up somewhere in a nook,  
 There I can enjoy myself with the paper or a book,  
 There the hours they steal by swiftly, maybe two and maybe four,  
 But they seem so kind of weary since they painted the old floor.

Wife, she says I'm like some heathen thet I have'nt any soul,  
 Thet I'd stay out in the kitchen like a badger in his hole.  
 Course, I can't hurt Hanner's feelin's, wouldn't do it for the earth,  
 But I wish of patent floor paint there had come a sudden dearth.  
 Lands, I wouldn't give a corner in that kitchen by the stove  
 For all your new fangled houses and your fix-ups by the drove,  
 Many happy years I've lived there, hope to live there many more,  
 But the things they seem agin me since they painted the old floor.

Now I think I've done my stint and share of grubbin' on the farm,  
 And that old-time kitchen yonder for me seems to have a charm,  
 I've laid by a little money, guess enough to put me through,  
 There are lots of men that's richer, but then what I have will do,  
 And I never was a loafer, people can't call me a shirk,  
 For the callus on these fingers tell a story of hard work,  
 But don't think that I'm complainin' 'bout the things that's past and o'er,  
 No I'm just agin that yellor paint that's on thet kitchen floor.

## THE PIOUS AFRIGANDER.

I've fought in many lands, sir, 'gin many worthy foes,  
 En I'm goin' ter follow old John Bull no matter where he goes;  
 I've been a soldier true, sir, since I was twenty-one,  
 In fact since I was big enough I've lugged around a gun;  
 En I have a dozen medals that I could show tew you,  
 I've been cheered by many people en censured by a few;  
 Some say I am a murderer en bear a murderous taint  
 Fer wantin' equal rights with that Afrigander saint.

He's a curious kind of critter, fer him I 'aint got no use,  
 With his ever present Bible and his traitor flag of truce;  
 I aint nothing gin his Bible ner his quaint religious rhyme,  
 But I don't believe in bein' saint and sinner at a time.  
 Lands! they'll use all kinds of meanness, then they'll rant about their souls,  
 Catch you in a barred-wire death trap then they'll shoot you full of holes;  
 Do you think an honest Briton should be governed by restraint,  
 E'r thet he should court his conscience when he's fightin, with this saint.

Do you think a fightin' Briton, sir, should any mercy show,  
 Er even curb his temper when he corners such a foe;  
 As fer me I say go at em, never mind about abuse.  
 Never mind his schemin' prayers ner his traitor flag of truce;  
 Never mind em jealous natives, it matters not from where they come,  
 Let em all pitch in thet wants ter, Johnnie Bull they'll find at home;  
 They can blow, en boast en brag, en at Britain insults throw,  
 But this saintiy Afrigander bet your pile he's got ter go.

I have fought the skulkin' Zulus in the far away Soudan.  
 En ninety thousand natives way out at Omdurman;  
 Fought and run the bloody injuns in the west of Canada,  
 Where John Bull has had a squabble I've been there en in the fray,  
 I have fought the dusky Kaffirs with their sly guerilla pranks,  
 An we've licked ten thousand Fenians belonging to the Yanks;  
 Fought all kind 'of men en manners, ain't a making no complaint,  
 But thet wooly Afrigander is a curious kind of Saint.

Say,  
 Won  
 Won  
 Even  
 They  
 Ther  
 Ther  
 If th

Won  
 Seen  
 Won  
 Wha  
 If y  
 Why  
 Say  
 Did

Sir,  
 Wh  
 Nev  
 But  
 Que  
 We  
 Bet  
 We

I've  
 I've  
 I've  
 Bu  
 Pe  
 En  
 Ho  
 Bu

R.  
 Say, they talk about decadence of the Briton in a sense,  
 Wonder what they think of Buller now en little "Bobs" and French ;  
 Wonder if they think 'thet boastin' en braggin' now en then,  
 Ever captured Mr. Cronje and six thousand plucky men ;  
 They aint got a leader 'mong em that would join in such a fray,  
 There's would laze about a hammock six or seven miles away,  
 There would be some tall complainin' more than beef would have a taint  
 If they had to face the bullets of this Afrigander saint.

Wonder how they like the union of Britannia en her sons,  
 Seemed ter think thet no one else but the Boers could handle guns ;  
 Wonder how Canadians suit them which they kind of termed as trash,  
 What about them stormin' trenches, what about their gallant dash.  
 If you think Canucks are cowards en thet they were made to run  
 Why you just run up agin em en I'll gamble you'll see fun,  
 Say, they fight just like old timers, not the kind ter run er faint,  
 Didn't mind the flyin' bullets of thet Afrigander saint.

their souls,  
 of holes ;  
 s saint.  
 Sir, it kind of riles me up like en I take a fightin' fit,  
 When they say the Brits are winnin' en a loosein' all their grit ;  
 Never say a word 'bout fightin' ner don't wait till we get through,  
 But when we have got our hands full they will tell what they can do.  
 Guess I'd better warn em fellers, em are chaps that all condemn,  
 We're accommodatin' fellers en perhaps we'll call on them,  
 Better get your musket polished so you won't have no complaint,  
 We'll be calloused by em bullets of thet Afrigander saint.

me,  
 me ;  
 I've fought in many battles, sir, in many different climes,  
 I've dodged a thousand bullets en been hit a score of times ;  
 I've fought with pesky Injuns, en warriors great en small,  
 But this pious Afrigander I allow he beats em all.  
 Perhaps I am a murderer, but for him I have no use,  
 En I wouldn't mind his prayin' ner his traitor flag of truce ;  
 Hope I may get over it, and outlive this murderous taint,  
 But this pious Afrigander is a curious kind of saint.

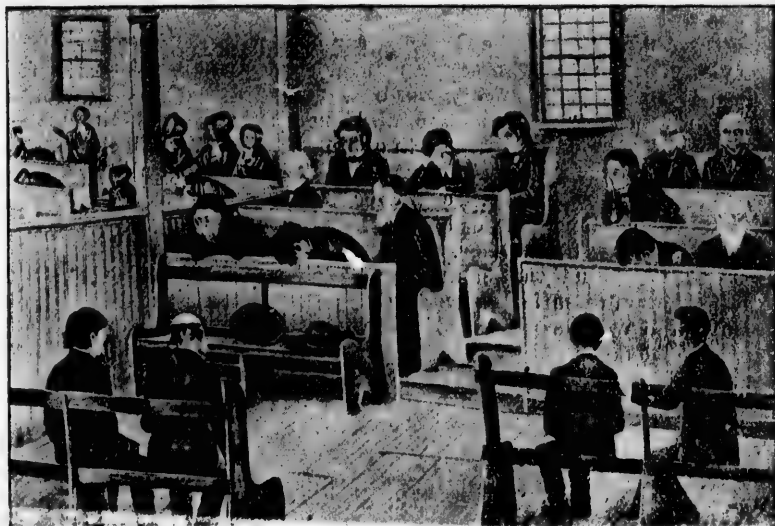


## AN OLD-TIME MEETIN'

Went tew Quaker quarterly meetin', held down at the old time place,  
Met the old time friends an' Quakers, 'twas a wondrous time of grace.  
Didn't have no big pipe organ fer ter sound an' swell an' peal,  
Didn't have no paid sopraner fer ter screech an' scream an' squeal,  
Didn't have no togged-up preacher, built of collar an' of cuff,  
With his elocutin' powers an' a lot of moderen stuff—  
Didn't have no pimpy usher fer ter bow an' scrape and smile,  
Fer ter flirt with blushin' maidens an' ter tip-toe up the aisle—  
Just set round on wooden benches, wasn't any cushioned pew,  
Why 'em old time wooden seats somehow seemed to welcome you.

Wasn't any amen corner fer ter groan o'er sins that's done,  
Wasn't any devil's corner, laughin' an' a-makin' fun,  
Didn't have no fellers shoutin', nor no wimmen makin' show,  
Didn't have no big discussion 'bout the high church er the low.  
Just set there in solemn silence, as in days of "Auld Lang Syne,"  
In communion with the Spirit with our thoughts on things divine.  
When the Spirit moved a brother in that sacred, silent place,  
Then you'd hear old fashioned gospel of a never-dying grace—  
Nothin' high falutin' 'bout it, gospel fer the hungry soul,  
Not made up of art en grammar, but the kind that makes us whole.

Then a sister, true an' tender, in a voice so sweet and calm,  
Told the oft repeated story of the meek and blessed Lamb,  
Told of how he loved the needy, how he calmed the troubled sea,  
How he comforted the fishers on the shores of Galilee—  
Talked of unbelievein' Thomas, who the cruel wounds had seen,  
'Talked about 'em base accusers an' poor Mary Magdalene—  
Spoke of Enoch, pure and patient, talked about the realms bright,  
Till the walls in that old chapel seemed tew bear a hallowed light—  
Spoke of things so pure an' lovely, things ter sooth a troubled mind,  
Didn't even mention brimstone, everything was calm an' kind.



"Just sat there in solemn silence with our thoughts on things divine."

Told us how the great Jehovah healed the sick and raised the dead  
 Had no earthly habitation, knew not where to lay his head —  
 Didn't have no earthly mansion, in a common manger born,  
 Dwelt among the poor and lonely, feasted on the growin' corn —  
 Didn't have no towerin' temple, with stained glass and gilded dome,  
 Didn't have no big fixed wages, didn't even have a home —  
 Wasn't any form ner dogm's, never boasted of a creed.  
 Didn't form no trusts ner combines, preached agin the law of greed —  
 Taught of charity an' love, taught the common brother hood,  
 Pointed tew the realms above, went about a doing good

Ere I thought me, I was living in the hazy, misty past,  
 In the happy days of boyhood when the world was not so fast.  
 When there wasn't so much worry 'bout the style and 'bout the dress,  
 When the people they wore homespun on were happier, I guess —  
 When there wasn't many classes, social sets and little firms,  
 An' the folks they wasn't wrapt up with the fleety, earthly things —  
 When there wasn't so much slander en there wasn't so much strife,  
 An' there wasn't any law court fer tew jut away a wife —  
 When young love knew no distinction an' its obstacles were few,  
 If your love was rich and handsome she no better was than you.

I could see the Friends, the Quakers, comin' tew the little town,  
 Every Sunday, every Thursday, in their humspun suit of brown—  
 See their silver locks a flowin' from beneath their great broadbrims,  
 Hear 'em from their waggons hummin' 'em old metres of the hymns—  
 See the good old Quaker mothers in quaint bonnet an' drab shawl,  
 'Twas among 'em I found Hanner, she the fairest was of all.  
 In a little new drab shaker, I could see her sittin' there,  
 An' her little chubby features looked so handsome, young en fair—  
 She was sittin' by her mother, sweetest thing I ever see,  
 As she peeked aroun' that shaker fer ter get a peek at me.  
 Something then disturbed, aroused me, an' my musin's put to end,  
 An' my hand was clasped in friendship by a kind old Quaker friend—  
 That's the Quaker's benediction wishin' well to thee an' thine,  
 Seems ter be so kind and God-like, be so lovin' and divine.

Talk about your new religion with its pomp and stylish ways,  
 Doesn't seem ter be in union with the great Creator's praise—  
 With the high paid priest an' parson, with its creed and social ring,  
 Where the Saviour is but mentioned and the monied man is king—  
 With the mouldin' all a-glitter, spires that point toward the sky,  
 Plainly, they're no poor man's temple, couldn't build 'em up so high.  
 Go ye to the cities, see them, there they lift their glided head,  
 While beneath their mighty shadows little children cry for bread,  
 An' the parents of those children with their faces wan an' thin,  
 Labor fer the wealthy members for a wage as low as sin.

Now I ain't a-criticisin' ner a finding fault an' such,  
 An' perhaps I am a-sayin' 'bout this matter far tew much.  
 If I am, you'll please forgive me in the good old fashioned way,  
 An' perhaps things will look brighter when I have another say.  
 An' remember, I ain't sayin' they're unchristianlike an' small,  
 Fer, a-talkin' things in general there's good an' bad in ail.  
 An' of course I've got my failin's am no better than the rest,  
 But to do the little good I can' I'll try my livin' best,  
 An' of the new religions, perhaps I'm far behind,  
 But I'd like my future anchor moulded like the good old kind.



## THE BUILDIN' COMMITTEE.

Thet fine chapel standin' yonder, on thet little raise of ground,  
It has been a kind of light-house tew the district here around.  
It's a kind of ancient relic of old-time religious praise,  
En a monument to piety en prayer of other days.  
It was rough en unpretentious, nothin' bout it ter beguile,  
BUILT to stand the wind en weather more en it was built for style.  
En the pioneers thet built it, en with reverence held it dear,  
They are restin' from their labors in a little church-yard near.

It had got tew lookin' shabby, 'bout ter tumble on our heads—  
You could throw a good-sized house-cat out through either of the sheds.  
The old walls were dark and grimey from the ceilin' to the floor,  
Didn't look ter be invitin', just tew look in at the door.  
The old spire was cracked en creaky en about ter tumble down ;  
On the whole, 'twas not in keepin' with the other ones in town.  
'Bout the only thing of credit, en ter say looked kinder good,  
Was the grassy little hill-top where the old-time temple stood.

We decided that we'd fix it en rebuild it up tew date,  
En tew get the needed money, why, we'd pass around the plate.  
Passed it 'round ter saint en sinner, just tew members didn't go,  
Didn't want tew hurt their feelin's, so we give 'em all a show.  
Well, we got the money promised, en the most of it was good,  
Quite eno' tew fix the chapel as a christian people should.  
Then we formed a Church Committee fer tew plan en oversee,  
But it turned out thet we formed it fer tew meet en disagree.

Some were fer a buildin' greater, tearin' down en buildin' new,  
Others thought with some odd patchin' the old structure it would do.  
Deacon Selfwill kind of hinted, if they wenz ter tearin' down,  
Why they " just could do the payin', for he wouldn't give a poun' "  
Deacon Show he thought it better ter add on another spire,  
Deacon Dry he thought it cheaper fer tew build the walls up higher.  
Deacon Growl he wanted this en Deacon Crank he wanted thet—  
Didn't come to a decision, though a year or more they met



Deacon Good he made a model, had the church a-lookin' great—  
 The Committee didn't like it, said it wasn't up-to-date.  
 Then they held another meetin', burnin' wood en burnin' light—  
 Sakes! the thing got ter be chronic, got tew meetin' every night.  
 Got tew geein' en a-hawin', pullin' cross-ways all the time,  
 Till subscribers got disgusted, said they wouldn't give a dime.  
 Got ter pullin' at the halter, got ter kickin' in the stall,  
 Went tew balkin' in the traces, didn't fix the church at all.

Now the preacher was a mortal thet you don't meet every day,  
 Never practiced modifyin' anything he had tew say.  
 Backed with courage his convictions, in a way not always smooth,  
 En in scornin' politicians guess he told tew many truths,  
 No he wasn't no deceiver, wasn't no sweet singin' bard,  
 He was a good-meanin' feller, but he ment it rather hard.  
 Course, the preacher, he would build it, estimatin' on the cost,  
 But when he would make a motion, why, of course the motion lost.

The Committee kept a-meetin' until Conference came 'round,  
 But the fixin' of the chapel wasn't gainin' any ground.  
 So, the preacher went tew Conference, en as his time was spent,  
 Why he got another circuit, en a new man here was sent.  
 Didn't have no more religion then the one we had before,  
 He'd a better stock of foresight, though, en polley in store  
 He was quite a different feller, en right from the very start,  
 He commenced tew build a temple right upon the people's heart.

En I guess the other feller had been givin' him some tips,  
 Fer the fixin' of thet chapel, why, it never passed his lips.  
 En he preached such flowery sermons, in a manner meek en mild,  
 Thet the members they took tew him just like any lovin' child.  
 Preached away until thet Easter, when the women all turned out,  
 Then he preached a sermon fer 'em, give it to 'em goed en stout.  
 'Twas a millinery openin', kind of a dressmakers' show—  
 He'd prepared a buildin' sermon, en thet day he let it go.

Said he liked tew see the people have their homes en clothin' fine,  
 En he prayed for a new chapel, so thet all could be in line;  
 Spoke about the worth of money, said you might be worth a town,  
 But when it came down to dyin', twouldn't buy a starry crown;

Preach  
 En he  
 Touch  
 En th

Flaks  
 Man  
 As fea  
 After  
 Land  
 When  
 When  
 Why,

Yes,  
 Sakes  
 Neve  
 Work  
 Got t  
 Put i  
 Fres  
 'Tis a

En a  
 Unde  
 You  
 En t  
 Land  
 Like  
 Ever  
 En d

Preached a very touchin' sermon tew us ail thet Easter night,  
 En he brought up fer example the poor widow en her mite ;  
 Touched the hearts of all the women, moved tew tears the stingy men,  
 En they started in tew fixin' the old chapel there en then.

Elks that never gave a nickel loosed their purse strings the next day,  
 Made no difference 'bout it costin', they were ready fer tew pay.  
 As fer me, I aint too clever, ner I aint too graspin' bad,  
 After thet 'ere Easter sermon I'd a-given half I had.  
 Land ! the women took tew workin', en of course, Sir, as you know,  
 When the women take ter drivin', why, the nag has got ter go.  
 When it gets right down tew schemin' workin' out a knotty plan,  
 Why, you take a workin' woman en she'll beat a brainy man.

Yes, they fixed the church up handsome—See it glitter in the sun !  
 Sakes ! they never quit a-workin' after they had once begun ;  
 Never had a disagreement, never had a fuss nor row,  
 Worked together like a farm team pullin' on the faller plow ;  
 Got the church all done en paid for, Brussels carpet on the floor,  
 Put in great memorial winders, silver platin' on the door ;  
 Frescoed all the walls en ceilin's in the latest of design—  
 'Tis a credit tew the village, tell you, Sir, it's lookin' fine.

En a prouder lot of people 'twould be precious hard tew find.  
 Understand, I am not meanin' they're a snobby, stuck up kind.  
 You go over there tew meetin', they'll give you the finest pew,  
 En the good, kind-hearted members will an interest take in you.  
 Land ! the change, it is a wonder, kind of like to go up there,  
 Like tew listen tew the singin' en tew mingle in the prayer.  
 Everyone is made so welcome, seems ter me like goin' home,  
 En the things are so invitin', from the basement ter the dome.



## WHEN IT TAKES A FIGHTIN' FELLER.

It's a very easy matter for ter grasp an army gun,  
 En ter gad about with soldiers a havin' heaps of fun,  
 When the pretty girls are smilin' and the band is playin' sweet,  
 It is easy as a soldier ter go pacin' on the street,  
 All dressed up in regimentals, hear the folks a cheerin' loud,  
 En ter see the 'kerchief wavin' from your best girl in the crowd ;  
 Its alright when out paradin' fer ter brag en shout en blow,  
 But it takes a real game feller fer ter face a fightin' foe.

It's a very easy matter when there's peace o'er sea an' land,  
 Fer ter put on regimentals en ter make a showin' grand,  
 Fer ter have your top boots shinin' en ter polish up your gun,  
 En ter talk about your heroes en ter boast of victories won ;  
 Fer ter have your horse a prancin' spur him into battle line,  
 En ter go to target practice get your shootin' right down fine.  
 It's a very easy matter ter get ready fer the foe,  
 But it takes a man of sand fer to get right out en go.

It's a very easy matter fer ter make a show en sight,  
 En ter have the folks believin' that your spoilin' fer a fight ;  
 That you are the greatest hero thet ever shot a gun,  
 En far ahead of Kitchener or mighty Wellington ;  
 That you'd fight like any Injun, thet you longed ter do some deed,  
 That would prove to all the people thet you came of fightin' breed.  
 It's a mighty easy matter ter put on en make a show,  
 But it cuts another figure when you're mustered out to go.

When your mother, she is weepin', en you have ter leave your dad,  
 En you have to leave your Sunday girl for someone else, its bad ;  
 When you have ter leave the homestead, where there's plenty en content,  
 Fer ter grub on government hard-tack in a common cotton tent,  
 Have ter lay around the trenches, have ter nurse rheumatic pains,  
 Have ter tramp across the country through the dirty mud en rains.  
 It's a mighty easy matter when at home ter brag en blow,  
 But it takes a gritty feller fer ter face a fightin' foe.

It's a  
 En h  
 But  
 En r  
 Whe  
 The  
 Whe  
 The

It's  
 Sett  
 En  
 You  
 You  
 Th  
 Ye  
 Bu

LER.



"When the cannon's loud are booming and the bullets fall like rain."

It's a mighty easy matter fer ter take a pleasure trip,  
 En have your friends ter meet you as you saunter from the ship,  
 But to have a pack of Boers en ter know they're fighters all,  
 En ready there ter greet you with a whizzin' musket ball,  
 When the cannons loud are boomin' en the bullets fall like rain,  
 The trip it loses flavor en you long fer home again.  
 When there aint no time ter visit, aint no time allowed fer show,  
 Then it takes a fightin' feller fer ter face the fightin' foe.

It's a very easy matter fer ter comment on the war,  
 Settin' 'round your cosy office here ten thousand milles afar,  
 En ter criticise commanders if they chance ter lose the day ;  
 You could lick a hundred Boers that ten thousand milles away ;  
 You could foll the schemes of Kruger, of Joubert, en the lot ;  
 That's if you had 'em cornered in your little garden plot.  
 Yes we are the greatest fellers fer ter flap our wings and crow ;  
 But it takes a fightin' feller fer ter face a fightin' foe.

It's a mighty easy matter fer ter voice the praises sung,  
 En ter kill Old Schemin' Joubert en his army with his tongue  
 Lands, most any common feller he can write a "jingo" rhyme,  
 But it takes a clever feller to chip in with a dime  
 Fer ter help out "Canaek Tommy," for if he should lose his life,  
 It will come in mighty handy for his baby or his wife,  
 So we'll set the hat a goin' en we'll pass it to en fro  
 Fer ter help out fightin' "Tommy" that has gone ter sace the foe.

It's a mighty easy matter fer ter shout "God Save the Queen,"  
 And about the present Government ter print things low and mean;  
 'Tis a very easy matter fer ter pull the patriot string;  
 But this goin' into battle is a different thing.  
 You can write your jingo verses an' sing them o'er and o'er,  
 They won't civilize a Kaffir, nor scare a plucky Boer.  
 You may get your "Rule Britannia," an' sing it till your hoarse,  
 But it won't scare Unele Kruger nor annihilate his force.  
 It's a very easy matter fer ter stay at home en brag,  
 En a deep-dyed editor ter howl about the flag;  
 He may waste for his paper an' through its columns blow,  
 But it takes a fightin' feller fer ter face a fightin' foe.



SOM

Some f  
 Ther's  
 They'r  
 Couldn  
 Never  
 They'r  
 Now w  
 The go

Some f  
 In the  
 w  
 They f  
 They  
 Altoge  
 More  
 More

Some  
 Too m  
 Too m  
 Alus  
 Too m  
 More  
 Too m  
 Too m

Some  
 Coule  
 Ther  
 Too  
 Ther  
 An c  
 Too  
 An c

## SOME FOLKS THEY'RE ALUS COMPLAININ'

Some folks they are alus complainin' 'bout crops en farmin' en such—  
 Ther's either too little of this or that, er altogether too much,  
 They're never contented er happy, keep a-growlin' from night until morn,  
 Couldn't dew anything fer ter suit 'em—I guess it's the way they were born.  
 Never see any good in thar neighbors, fer 'em never a good word ter say,  
 They're alus fault-findin' en sayin' that things aint a-run the right way.  
 Now what is the use of complainin' and alus a-makin' a fuss,  
 The good Lord is runnin' the matter, what need of it botherin' us?

Some folks they are alus complainin' in this world about matters and things;  
 In the next, if they chance ter be angels, they'll be mighty hard suited  
 with wings.

They find fault with the beautiful sun-shine en frown if it chanches ter rain,  
 They say there's far too much pleasure en far too little of pain.  
 Altogether too much of the good, and not enough of the bad.  
 More shadow en shade than is needed, o'er woodland, en meadow en dell,  
 More grain on the hill-side a-growin' than they'll ever be able to sell.

Some folks they are alus complainin' 'cause there's too many places ter go,  
 Too many places thet's secret, too many places of show.  
 Too many poor in the country, too many rich with the cash,  
 Alus a-borrowin' trouble, alus predictin' a crash.  
 Too many people a-livin', far too many people that die,  
 More caskets en coffins a-sellin' than people are able ter buy.  
 Too many young folks a-courtin', too many husbands and wives,  
 Too many buds en blossoms, too many bees in the hives.

Some folks they are alus complainin' 'bout an over-production or stint,  
 Couldn't make em contented en happy if you'd give em a government mint.  
 There'd then be too many dollars, too many to borrow and beg,  
 Too many bees for the honey, too many flies 'round the keg,  
 There'd be too many thieves fer ter steal, too many loafers ter shirk,  
 An over-production of labor, too many men fer the work,  
 Too many women ter pity and love, too many teachers in schools,  
 An over-production of ignorance en a whole lot too many fools.

Now what is the use of complainin' en seoldin' en makin' a fuss,  
 If the good Lord is running the matter, what need it be bothering us?  
 In this world there's a bud and a blossom for every thistle en thorn,  
 En fer every dark cloud that arises there's alus a beam of light,  
 Though the night may be dark en gloomy, there's alus a morning bright.  
 And fer all the harsh sayin's and doin's there's as many as good you'll find.  
 En fer all the bad people a livin' there's many that's good en kind.

There's no use of alus complainin' 'bout the world en its different ways,  
 There'll alus be nights dark en gloomy en always be bright summer days.  
 There'll alus be pleasure en gladness, there'll alus be sorrow and care.  
 Then why should we borrow of trouble, each mortal is sure of his share?  
 Let us be of good fellow-ship ever, en scatter kind words with a smile,  
 En this old world it will be better for us stayin' 'round it a while.  
 For the good Lord is runnin' the matter, what need of it botherin' us?  
 We never can change it by seoldin' er growlin' er makin' a fuss.



Thirty  
 Hanne  
 She lik  
 En fer  
 So we  
 En he  
 Hiche  
 Bid us

Now,  
 With  
 Ner I  
 But a  
 My fu  
 En m  
 Talk  
 It wa

So we  
 En th  
 All th  
 En m  
 Talk  
 If the  
 En it  
 En a

Thin  
 Why  
 Worl  
 En I  
 Why  
 En it  
 But  
 For

## THE DIVORCE.

---

Thirty years ago September, harvest was at high tide,  
 Hanner finally consented fer ter be my loving bride.  
 She like all good lookin' wimen had her eyes on other men,  
 En fer fear that I might lose her, why I took her thar en then.  
 So we drove down to the parson's, didn't make no spread of course,  
 En he hitched us two up double fer the better er the worse;  
 Hitched us up tew plow life's furrow, prayed fer blessin's from above,  
 Bid us bear each others burdens en tew cherish en tew love.

Now, I wasn't of the richest, I'd a rig en Sunday suit,  
 With a sixty acre farm en a little cash ter boot;  
 Ner I wasn't very pretty, wasn't of the handsome kind,  
 But a more respected feller 'twould be mighty hard ter find.  
 My future it looked gilded, en my present it was fair,  
 En my morals they would average with any fellers there.  
 Talk about a merry farmer with his heart a-flame with glee,  
 It was I when she decided fer ter harness up with me.

So we settled down together on thet sixty acre farm,  
 En the things around took to her just as if she had a charm.  
 All the cattle follow'd her from the pasture land away,  
 En my team out in the stable, when they'd hear her voice would neigh.  
 Talk about life's happy mornin' with its sunshine en its flowers,  
 If there's such a thing fer mortals that are honeymoon was ours;  
 En it lasted quite a while, sir, happiness from year tew year,  
 En a little stranger came along thet happy home tew cheer.

Think I told you 'bout me workin' 'fore thet little stranger come,  
 Why, I hadn't worked at all, sir, then I fairly made things hum;  
 Worked en saved up all my money, worked from morn till day grew dim.  
 En I lived all in the future thought of no one else but him.  
 Why thet cunnin' little urchin, beat the world how de did grow,  
 En it used ter tickle wife en I ter hear him coo en crow;  
 But thet blessed little youngster didn't with us long abide,  
 For we made an idol of him en I guess thet's why he died.



Then things had a different seemin', wife began to mourn and fret,  
 En though years have past en gone, I believe she mourns him yet ;  
 En I kind of lost my bearin's, though I tried ter do my part,  
 But the world all seemed agin me en I didn't have no heart.  
 When things brightened up a little, en I could the better see,  
 The school teacher of the district wanted fer ter board with me.  
 Well, I thought that it would cheer us, so I bid the teacher come ;  
 Little thought that by so doin' I was ruinin' my home.

So the teacher boarded with us full of manners en of grace ;  
 Soon there was a change in Hanner, I could see it in her face,  
 En it kind of built me up like when I saw he had a cheer  
 Fer that broken-hearted mother en the wife I loved so dear.  
 Well I kinder took new heart, sir, when I saw in wife the change,  
 But it took me all my time ter keep my jealousy in range,  
 En things were gettin' cross-ways en one evenin', by-the-by,  
 I thought I caught 'em courtin' a little on the sly.

Well, I could'nt curb my temper, so I raised a row of course ;  
 Then things went ter go backwards from the better ter the worse.  
 Wife she acted cross and surly, she was distant like en cold,  
 En she never even kissed me, as she did in days of old  
 Things kept pullin' en a-haulin' nigh on' ter a year I think,  
 En ter put the cap-sheaf on 'em, why I started in ter drink,  
 Sir, it wasn't long I tell you 'fore the bailiff had a lock  
 On my little farm and dwelling, one day he sold off the stock.

Well, when I arose next mornin' I was feelin' rather down,  
 En tew get some more dam-nation, why I started fer the town ;  
 As I went out through the kitchen, wife she started fer to cry,  
 En she murmured something ter me en it sounded like good-by.  
 Course the teacher he had left us ; curse the day he ever came ;  
 Curse the very ground he walks on ; curse his art, and curse his name ;  
 There was only one thing saved him, that was, sir, my love fer her ;  
 But fer that I'd followed him en I'd shot him like a cur.

Well, I spent a merry day, sir, en when long dark night had come,  
 I, the once respected farmer, like a beast then staggered home ;  
 Thus I reached my home now ruined, staggered through the kitchen door,  
 Never saw thet house so gloomy as it was thet night before ;

No tea  
 Nothin'  
 I stood  
 Though

When  
 En ter  
 Got m  
 Went  
 It wa  
 Sayin  
 I wil  
 Still

Can  
 Jus  
 I h  
 W

No tea-kettle there a-singin', in the cook stove not a spark,  
 Nothing there tew cheer a feller, everything was still en dark ;  
 I stood there en thought a minute, then I tried ter find a light,  
 Thought perhaps she'd gone a-visitin' tew her mother's fer the night.

When I got the light a-burnin' then I started up the fire,  
 En ter see my way the better turned the lamp a little higher ;  
 Got my bottle of damnation from my bar-room scented coat,  
 Went ter set it on the table, when I spied a little note.  
 It was in my wife's hand-writin' en the words were rather few,  
 Sayin' : " John, you've gone tew ruin en I guess thet I'll go tew,  
 I will try to love another, true I have been made a dupe,  
 Still I love you, love you dearly ; you'll forgive me, John, I hope."



Can you realize my grief, sir, did you ever feel earth's stings,  
 Just as if a sword of steel was a-cuttin' your heart strings,  
 I lived longer in a minute than a man of thrice my years,  
 With my whiskey brain a-reelin' en my eyes a-streamin' tears ;

Now, I've told you how I loved her, how she was my heart's delight,  
 Why, I never knew how I loved her till I read her note that night.  
 I was sober in an instant, in the fire the bottle flung,  
 Swore that if I died with thirst it would never touch my tongue.

Then I made another vow, sir, though I nursed this bitter pain,  
 But I vowed thet by my honor I would win her back again.  
 I forgave her all thet night, sir, why my heart was all aflame,  
 For in summin' up the matter it was I thet was ter blame.  
 Fer I got ter be a miser with a greed fer gain en gold.  
 En I never even dreamt it, but 'twas me thet had got cold.  
 Why, it was her dear young nature ter have som'un here ter love,  
 She was just a-lovin' spirit only lent me from above.

Well I didn't sleep that night sir, to my creditoes did go,  
 En they everyone decided to give me another show;  
 Then I went tew work again, sir, en I met the payments all,  
 En I nearly cleared the debt off, in a year from that e'r fall;  
 But I couldn't be contented with my chattels and estates  
 En my lovin' wife a-grubin' fer her livin' in the States,  
 So I vowed I'd go en find her, though I feared she would decline.  
 But I ment ter court her over en invite her tew be mine.

So I started on my mission, goin' here en goin' there,  
 En I got a trace of her in Dakota state somewhere  
 Then I got a chilly letter from a lawyer, cold of course,  
 It informed that my wife was a-suin' for divorce;  
 So I started for that lawyer's thinkin' I would meet her there,  
 En I'd lay my case before 'em in a manner fair en square;  
 Course I knew he'd get my money, but I didn't care fer that  
 'Twas tew win my wife en loved one thet's what I was drivin' at.

Well I got tew that ar city, with its great big crowd en show,  
 En I wandered up the street, scarcely knowin' where ter go,  
 Ran across a towerin' buildin' filled with folks en lots of noise,  
 An outside a gang of loafers en a lot of noisy boys,  
 Asked 'em what was goin' on there, en they said a court of law  
 Where the married people settle up their little points of jaw.  
 Then I kind of sauntered in, sir, hardly got inside the hall,  
 When a big blue-coated feller out my name did loudly call.

Then I  
 For the  
 There  
 But she  
 She wa  
 En she  
 Talk a  
 They a

Talk a  
 Not at  
 Jay, t  
 Said i  
 Then  
 En we  
 Sakes  
 And I

Well,  
 One i  
 It ma  
 But a  
 Neve  
 Grec  
 If yo  
 You  
 If yo  
 Just  
 The

En I

light,  
ght.

Then I marched up to the front, Sir, just like any soldier bold,  
For the prize that I was after far more precious was than gold :  
There before me stood my loved one, ready there her plea to make,  
But she fell into my arms, sir, and I thought her heart would break,  
She was wrecked with grief en sorrow, with distraction she was wild,  
En she sobbed there on my bosom, just like any punished child.  
Talk about your family unions when your folks come home ter stay.  
They ain't in it with thet union held in that court house that day.

e,

Talk about the courts of justice bein' cold and lackin' cheer,  
Not an eye in thet whole buildin' but thet day let fall a tear.  
Say, the judge he cried a little, bid us bury by-gone strife,  
Said it was his pleasin' duty to pronounce us man en wife,  
Then we started for our home, sir, back to old Ontario,  
En we've never had a jangle, though that's many years ago.  
Sakes, we live just like tew love birds tew each other kind en true,  
And I think thet are divorce court was the makin' of us two.

Well, it learned me many lessons en a few I'll mention now,  
One is, look your field well over alus 'fore you start to plow ;  
It may take you forty years fer to win esteem en praise,  
But a man can turn to brute in just half as many days.  
Never drink ter drown your trouble, rum is bitter balm you'll find,  
Green eyed jealousy en gin they are alus of a kind.  
If your guns are primed en loaded en your spoilin' fer a fight,  
You may easy be defeated, better have a line of flight ;  
If you want a taste of hades, want tew see its brimstone foam,  
Just court jealousy a little and you'll have it right at home.  
There, sir, are some of the lessons thet I have learned and got right down  
fine.  
En I'm full of many others en a Solomon in my line.



# THE RAG'MUFFIN'S PRAYER.

(A CHRISTMAS STORY)

Far away in a beautiful city, where is splendor and wealth and estate,  
Where is found the abode of the poor, and the gilded home of the great  
Where the ceaseless cadence of commerce beats time to the trade-hammer's  
stroke,

And the great tall factory chimneys are constantly vomiting smoke—  
Where the toilers slave at their benches for the life-saving wages they give,  
Where the one great half of the people care not how the other half live,  
Where the clang of the bell or the whistle shrieks out on the chill morning  
air,

And awakens the slaves from dream-land back to a world of care.

Just back from the street, down an alley, where the poor and the wretched  
abide,

Where misery goes to make merry and criminals run for to hide,  
Where at midnight the concert is jolly, where the wretch and the outcast  
entice

And smother the last spark of virtue in iniquity, curses and vice—  
Where the knaves divide up their plunder, and petty thieves skulk from  
the toils,

Where riot stands ready to kindle as gamblers fight over the spoils—  
Surrounded by sin and the sinning, in a tumbled down tenement row,  
With a brother and sister some older, lived poor little Rag'muffin Joe.

Joe's parents were dead and were sleeping far out in a Potter's field lot,  
But the kindness and love of his mother little Joe had never forgot  
When the spring it returned with its flowers, little Joe would wander away  
To God's acre, out on the hillside, and sit by her grave through the day.  
The poor folks that strolled from the city would share their scant morsel  
with Joe,

And when night hovered over God's acre he returned to the tumble-  
down row.

When winter's chill blast nipped the willows and flowers he loved for the  
while,

He played with the lads in the alley, and brightened the place with his  
smile.

His sister sewed 'round for a living, but her wage was uncertain and low  
And although surrounded by vices her heart was as pure as the snow.  
His brother was just a poor "sweater" that toiled for a wage low as sin  
In the factories of trusts and combines where the slaves throw their life's  
blood in.

The kind hearted folks of the alley, they loved and befriended poor Joe,  
And had nick-named the little rag 'muffin the Sunshine of the Tumble-down  
Row,

He would chide their misdoings with kindness, and outcasts and criminals  
they

Would softly steal up the attic and list to the rag 'muffin pray.

One night came the sweet sounds of pleading, they silently stole up th<sup>e</sup>  
stair,

Little Joe, kneeling down by the cot side, was lisping this innocent prayer:  
"Old Santy, I thought I would ask you and, good Fanty, please let me  
know,

"When you come to this great big city, will you drive down to Tumble-  
down Row,

"I ain't got no father nor mother to buy me no nice little sleigh,

"And, Santy, the toys that I play with are some that was thrown away.

"If you'll only drive down through the alley, let me look at your toys and  
deer,

"I know it will make me so happy and I'll be a good boy next year.



"Little Joe, kneeling down by the cot-side, was lisping this innocent prayer."

"And, Santy, if you can afford it, bring sister, so kind and so true,  
 "A nice little hat with a feather or a nice little jacket of blue.  
 "And, dear Santy Claus, please remember my dear good brother, the Jim,  
 "If it ain't askin' too much, dear Santy, bring something along for him.  
 "If you have any toys that's left over, or any that's broken and worn—  
 "You know' Santy, I ain't parti'lar—a little shell drum or a horn,  
 "A sled or a kite or a shinny, or maybe a nice little knife,  
 "I will 'pon my word, dear Santy, be a good little boy all my life."

It was holiday time in the city and Christmas was drawing near,  
 The gladdest time of the season, the merriest time of the year.  
 In the great cathedral vestry, the Christmas carols were sung,  
 And down from the frescoed arches the ivy and holly were hung.  
 The memorial windows were lighted, the altar festooned with care  
 With beautiful lilies and roses, their fragrance filling the air.  
 The silvery chimes in the steeple rang out a harmonious strain  
 That floated away o'er city and echoed again and again.

The streets were all of a bustle, and from out the great thoroughfare  
 Could be heard the shrill pipe of the news-boy as he whistled a popular air.  
 The novelty stores were in splendor and high pretty toys they were piled,  
 And everything there put in order to please the heart of a child.  
 The shops they were all of a glitter, the windows they gaily were dressed,  
 And the children to look at the treasures, their noses against them pressed.  
 There were playthings of every description for the dear little girls and boys,  
 Skates, bats, base-balls, and shinneys, and dolls that would make a noise.

Now the kind-hearted folks of the alley, being touched with little Joe's  
 prayer,  
 Had fixed up an old junker's window and had an old Santy Claus there,  
 Little toys were hung 'round in abundance to please and delight the child,  
 And picture books printed in color—little Joe with delight he was wild.  
 And when the old window was lighted with tinsel and toys it looked gay,  
 They dressed up the junker as Santy and bid him give them away.  
 The jolly kind-hearted old junker loved the children all in the row,  
 And a nice little present he'd bought for the favorite, "Sunshiny Joe."

The children were gathered around him to receive a nice book or a toy  
 And little Joe next to the window was laughing and crying for joy.  
 The junker, disguised as old Santy, was giving the things to and fro,  
 And a little red sleigh and blue jacket he handed over to Joe.

He ga  
 But h  
 f  
 Lovin  
 The j

They  
 And  
 c  
 It cas  
 Went  
 They  
 Whe  
 h  
 And  
 Of th

He gave a loud cheer for old Santy, then ran off his sister to tell,  
But he swooned as he ran through the alley and down in the pavement he  
fell.

Loving hearts were soon to his rescue, but the dear little spirit had fled—  
The jacket held close to his heart and his hand on the little red sled.

They lifted his form from the pavement and carried him in to the light  
And a doctor that chanced to be passing said the little heart broke with  
delight

It cast a sad gloom down the alley, and the good and the bad of the row,  
Went up to that tumble-down attic and wept over poor little Joe.

They laid him away in God's acre where his dear kind mother was laid,  
Where the flowers will bloom that he treasured, where time after time he  
had played.

And they put up a nice little head-stone that told of the sad Christmas night  
Of the sleigh and the little blue jacket and how little Joe died of delight.





## THE PUZZLED SQUIRE.

---

I have heard that fools and children often question rather strange,  
And as I ain't no young foundling, with the foolish I must range.  
Now, I ain't the brightest shilling that you'll find in fifty mile,  
Nèver noised around partie'lar that I know a wondrous pile.  
What I know I know I know I know it and can tell it precious quick,  
But, for solving knotty problems, think my head's a little thick.  
There are many things transpiring my old noddle can't see through  
And if you'll just have patience I'll acquaint you with a few.

I would like some information on a point that puzzles me,  
That is, why there's so much bondage in a land they claim is free.  
What about the persecution of the Negroes as a race?  
Why, I thought that thing was settled and of slavery not a trace.  
Lands! I thought that dear "Old Glory" was the emblem of the free—  
Freedom for the white-man, black-man, emblem of bought liberty.  
They had better change "Old Glory, adding on another crest,  
And about the thing most suited is the eagle's clamorous nest.

Can you tell why they go preaching to the Chinese, book in hand,  
And then tax him fifty dollars in this country should he land.  
Claim they want to civilize them; very well, then let them come,  
Take the cash to educate them and convert them nearer home.  
I have often heard it stated that of every dollar spent  
For to civilize the heathen he receives about a cent.  
Ninety-nine per cent for wages, travels, and for servant's fees  
And to keep a lot of fellers lazing 'round about at ease.

Tell me why the christian people take such interest in the souls  
Of the poor benighted heathen as to shoot him full of holes  
To inject a new religion tainted with deceit and fraud—  
Better leave them to their image, to their stone and wooden god,  
They are happy in their worship of their gods of wood and stone,  
If they only serve to comfort, they will prize them as our own,  
Talk about an idol worship in that so-called evil land,  
Here are scores who worship idols--idols are on every hand.

Sir,  
And  
The  
Only  
The  
Say  
Do  
Or

Plea  
Will  
Pra  
Pill  
Inn  
And  
Ask  
Are

I do  
An  
I c  
Le  
Do  
Gu  
Ca  
An

Th  
Bu  
W  
An  
P  
P  
An  
On  
T

Sir, I've met some pious people, heard them shout and sing and pray,  
 And they'd boast of their religion in a most pretentious way.  
 They have told me they were fitted for the mansions in the sky,  
 Only waiting for the message and they'd gladly say good-bye,  
 Then they'd start a new religion, stand right up and speak it bold,  
 Say they never knew the Saviour when they worshipped in the old  
 Do you call that human weakness or delusions of the mind,  
 Or is it right down deception of the bare-faced modern kind?

Please explain why christian nations, worshipping in God the same  
 Will rush into savage warfare, calling on His holy name,  
 Praying for each other's downfall, scoffing at each other's pain,  
 Pillaging and massacreing, seemingly for each other's gross or gain.  
 Innocents are made to suffer, for the guilty wound and bleed,  
 And a claimed enlightened people will approve the hellish deed.  
 Ask yourself this vital question, is it possible that we  
 Are the ones need civilizing?—are we blind and cannot see?

I don't understand why combines are allowed to form and steal  
 And the man that does the labor gets the small end of the deal.  
 I can't understand why preachers preach of money day by day,  
 Leave a hard-up congregation for a call to higher pay.  
 Don't believe they have considered 'bout "the lilies how they grow,"  
 Guess that verse was calculated for the preacher long ago.  
 Can you tell why men worth millions keep on grasping all in reach,  
 And the most of politicians never practice what they preach?

These, sir, are some knotty problems my grey noddle can't define,  
 But perhaps they're not intended to be in the common line.  
 Well, there in the daily papers, you can see them any day,  
 And there is no act of council why I shouldn't have my say.  
 I've a right to my opinion and my deep-dyed pessimist views,  
 I've a right to my ideas to express them if I choose.  
 As for would-be civilizers under poor religion's cloak  
 And false persecuting christians laying on the galling yoke,  
 Or for many missionaries and pretenders all to boot,  
 They had better leave their orders for a thick asbestos suit.

## WHEN LUCINDA LED, THE SINGIN'

'Way down thar at "Hemlock Corners" where we used ter have such fun,  
All agoin' 'round to huskin's when the harvest it was done,  
Eatin' sugar-coated doughnuts, eatin' big, fat punkin pie,  
En a-courtin' of our sweethearts, stealin' kisses on the sly;  
Eatin' of ripe water-melons en sweet apples by the peck,  
With a drinkin' apple cider we'd be full up to the neck;  
Jest ere we would be home-goin', all would join the old-time glee,  
With Lucinda's voice a leadin', somehow it just suited me.

Course, I ain't no judge of singin' when you get it right down fine,  
That 'ere so-called classic music is not in my groove or line,  
But I used ter like ter listen tew 'em quaint old meter rhymes,  
Used ter try myself ter sing 'em, but I'd break down many times.  
But we had an old-time glee club that could sing like mockin' birds,  
Never used ter chaw their language, you could understand the words;  
En about the sweetest of them, singin' in thet rustic glee,  
Was my old sweetheart, Lucinda—somehow, she just suited me.

There was Josh en Hanner Baker en the Smith girls sisters five,  
With their brother, Jim, ter caper jest to keep the fun alive;  
There was Willie Burk en Mary, modest, bashful little miss,  
She'd turn forty-'leven colors if the boys should steal a kiss.  
There was Joe en Millie Baxter, cross-eyed Tim en Lizzy Brown,  
All the boys used ter be callin' her the prettiest girl in town.  
Jest thet way I couldn't see it, though allowin' han'some she,  
But my old sweetheart, Lucinda, kinder somehow suited me.

There were girls a heap more stylish as pertainin' to their dress,  
But she had a winnin' manner en was lovin' none the less,  
En her voice it was as plaintive as the meadow lark's in spring,  
Why I seemed ter love her better every time I heard her sing.  
Sakes, her singin' at revivals at the Corner's school house there  
Helped as much ter save the sinners as the preachin' and the prayer.  
She would soften the old hard-shells with her voice so sweet en free,  
Jest ter hear her sing them meters left a tender spot in me.

When  
We w  
Used  
All ou  
Didn'  
Winte  
Oft th  
Days

No, I  
'Em '  
But 'c  
Kind  
Take  
Pictu  
Oft I  
With

IN'

such fun,

When old winter cast her mantle ter the merry sleigh-bells sound,  
We would get up sleighin' parties en go visitin' around.  
Used ter have such fun together, tippin' over in the snow,  
All our sweethearts seemed to like it—we could help them out, you know,  
Didn't seem ter mind the weather in the youthful days of old,  
Winter didn't seem so dreary nor the wind so very cold.  
Oft there steals a sadnessso'er me, for those days I grieve en pine —  
Days I spent among the heather with that old sweetheart of mine.

ds,  
ords ;

No, I ain't no judgt of music when they get it 'way done fine,  
'Em 'ere trills and fiddle fuddles ain't exactly in my line ;  
But 'em old-time glees en meters that we sung in days gone by  
Kinder brings ter me fond mem'ries en a tear starts to my eye,  
Takes me back to the old homestead, tew the old days I loved so,  
Pictures to me old-time faces of the happy long ago.  
Oft I think I hear them singing, merry in the old-time glee,  
With Lucinda's voice a leadin'—somehow, it just suited me.

er.  
o,

## THE PIANO AGENT.

Now I told you 'bout my dealin' with the life insurance man,  
All about his silver-plated, highly-polished little plan ;  
Sakes! I thought I was the sharpest individual in town  
That 'twould take a real smart feller fer ter cook me very brown  
Thought I had my frontier guarded all my trenches curved en crooked,  
But my little fort of music I'll admit I overlooked.

I was dodgin' 'round my trenches, takin' here en there a shot  
At them schemin' agent fellers fer I know the hull dumb lot,  
And they knew me fair to middlin' for me didn't have much use.  
Fer as far as they could see me they would hoist their flag of truce ;  
Now en then a wiley stranger down around my farm would stray,  
But when I got things to workin', why he didn't care to stay ;  
When my guardhouse got to bleachin' en the wordy war got thick,  
He would then get in a hurry and retreat with double quick.



"Loved music same as me."

But I  
And I  
To m  
She's  
She w  
And  
So I  
Sir, I

Why  
Intro  
Had  
And  
Some  
And  
Then  
They

Then  
And  
They  
And  
Why  
And  
So I  
Then

Wel  
For  
I ai  
If it  
Said  
Also  
Said  
Clai

We  
An  
The  
An

But I had a little weakness in regard to melodies,  
 And most any kind of music it would touch my sympathies;  
 To my only daughter Mary, finer girl you never see,  
 She's good looking like her mother and loved music same as me;  
 She was pressin' fer an organ er piano rather hard,  
 And between her en her mother, why they threw me off my guard;  
 So I went to town one evening, just fer see what I could do,  
 Sir, I'll bet two hundred agents called in just a week or two.

Why, they swarmed just like swamp skeeters en their tongues were whet  
 en sharp,  
 Introduced all kinds of music from a brass drum to a harp,  
 Had all kinds of music boxes representin' scores of firms,  
 And they told the slickest stories 'bout their easy payin' terms;  
 Some came there in fancy waggons, some on bikes en some in gigs,  
 And they played all kinds of music, hymns and waltzes, reels and jigs,  
 Then they sung all kinds of dities, seemed they never would get through,  
 They all had a gift of music and they gave us all they knew.

There was organs en pianers in the parlor and the hall,  
 And a ballad singin' agent representin' each en all;  
 They were flirtin' with my daughter and her mother good en stout,  
 And were eatin' of my victuals, why I thought they'd eat me out;  
 Why, the thing was gettin' desperate for the house was overrun,  
 And the neighbors they were laughin' and a-helpin' on the fun,  
 So I gently told my wimmen they had better make their pick,  
 Then I'd rid the rural district of the varmin mighty quick.

Well, they wasn't long in choosin' one of which the agent said  
 For the only "Paddywhiskers" it was moddled and was made;  
 I ain't certin' 'bout the name sir, er I get things mixed you see,  
 If it wasn't "Paddywhiskers," why it sounded so to me;  
 Said it was endorsed by Toffey and great prime donnas they  
 Also used that make planer their accompaniments to play;  
 Said he sold one to the Premier, put one in at Rideau Hall,  
 Claimed they'd have no other music when they had their fancy ball.

We decided he could leave it just a week er tew on trial,  
 And his gilden recommendins we would put em all on file;  
 Then we held a little parley as to how and when we'd pay,  
 And then this genius of deception he politely went away.

Scarcely was he out of hearin' when another feller came,  
 Went ter praisin' his pianer in a manner much the same ;  
 Made such fun of our selection, said of it we'd made a fizz,  
 And thet he could easy prove it by a lady friend of his.

So he introduced a damsel en she started in to play,  
 And I see thet their pianer sounded better right away ;  
 Guess it was the way she played it as I afterwards did learn,  
 She was paid a large commission by the musical concern ;  
 But she got in my good graces, fer she had a winnin' way,  
 Took to Mary like a mother, said she'd teach her how ter play,  
 Said she'd come and make a visit, give her music lessons free,  
 And if I had no objection make a player out of me.

Why, she held out such inducements thet were far before the rest,  
 And had proved thet their pianer was superior and the best,  
 That is in regard to sounin' tho' it had no finer case,  
 So we moved the first selected and we put theirs in its place.  
 As I made a little payment, for I had a little money by,  
 Thought I caught the girl a winkin' kinder " with the other eye,"  
 And the agent smiled so sweetly as he pocketed the dough,  
 Lands ! the girl she up en kissed me just as if I was her beau.

Well, they left us rather cheery, and we just got settled down,  
 When there came a little message from a lawyer in the town ;  
 It was worded rather pointed in a cool commandin' style,  
 Askin' pay fer thet pianer thet the feller left on trial ;  
 Stated I had not reported, and as thirty days had flown,  
 I had best send in my papers or come in and ante down ;  
 So I went to see my lawyer, just ter find out what ter do,  
 En he said " I guess old feller, 'em ere sharks have rattled you "

Course he said I might out-wind 'em, but t'would cost me very sore,  
 'Bout as much as the pianer an perhaps a little more ;  
 Said I might be " vindicated," but advised me as a friend,  
 For tew keep out of the law courts, for you never know their end ;  
 Said he'd do his best ter settle up the thing with my consent,  
 Which he did for twenty dollars, never chargin' me a cent.  
 Now, they say hard things of lawyers, givin' 'em an awful name,  
 While admitting they are scattered, some are honest just the same.

I believe when Father Gabriel trumpets for the holy dead,  
Thet the lawyer will be standin' somewhere 'round about the head ;  
Course I know there skimmers 'mong 'em just like preachin' good en bad,  
But I've found good friends among 'em, 'bout the best I ever had.  
As for 'em are agent fellers, there ain't no place bad enough,  
And I only hope there's brimstone or some other hotter stuff ;  
Hope thet I'll be overseer of them thievin' agent ghoul's,  
En I'll set some imp a-rakin' over them the hottest coals.

Now, I've often heard it stated that in all things great and small,  
There's a woman implicated at the bottom of it all ;  
They're the source of all our blessings, may in erring cause us woe,  
But they do more right than wronging and they're loving that I know.  
I believe in that are doctrin', with it, Sir, I quite agree,  
Tho' my wimmen caused the trouble they are ever dear to me ;  
Why, I wouldn't be a hintin' ner a scoldin' 'bout thet trade,  
Wouldn't wound ner hurt their feelin's for all the pianers made.





## BLACK SHEEP JIM.

As I've travelled on life's journey I have had my downs and ups,  
I have tasted of its pleasures, drunk of trouble's deepest cups.  
Had a fair to middlin' fortune, sometimes didn't have a cent,  
Owned a home and shared it's comforts, then again I had to rent.  
I have been a steady worker, stickin' to it night and morn,  
Yes, in fact, I've been a worker since the day that I was born.  
But I've had a lovin' helper in my good and faithful wife,  
She has been my constant blessing and the sunshine of my life.  
When the murky clouds would gather, every ray of hope erase,  
She would brighten the surroundings by her kind and loving face.

I don't advertise my troubles as you would a district fair,  
Fer I don't think folks would thank me, don't believe they'd even care.  
But I have a little story 'bout our Jim, and he's our boy,  
Once he was our darkest trouble, now he is our brightest joy.  
We were blest by three dear children, and 'twas natural that we  
Got ter thinking they the smartest this old world did ever see.  
Jenny went ter Ladies' College, Jack he went tew Grammar School,  
Jim he said he guessed he'd "kinder stay at hum' an' be the fool."

We worked hard to bring 'em up, sir, en tew keep for 'em a home.  
Thinking they would be a comfort maybe in the years to come.  
Jenny learned to play the organ, Jack he learned to parse and write,  
Jim he learned the curse of lessons, learned to drink then brawl and fight.  
But it wasn't Jim a fightin' it was rum in every brawl,  
For when he was Jim and sober he was kind and good to all.  
Well, he got so awful shiftless that he wouldn't do a chore,  
And one night while in my temper why I turned him out of door.  
But his mother she stuck to him said she wouldn't from him part.  
"Till she found the combination to unlock his wayward heart."

If ther is a balm for mortals, sweet and pure as from above,  
You will find it in the sweetness of a patient mother's love.  
When her eyes were blind through weeping and her heart with shame was  
sore,

Sir, she seemed to love him better than she ever did before,  
She would pray for him so earnest, nurse him with the greatest care,

Bout the only hope I harbored was that woman's earnest prayer.  
 But there came a wave of sorrow and it froze my very soul,  
 For the sheriff came one morning tellin' us our Jim had stole.  
 Leastways so it was suspected someone had robbed farmer Grey,  
 And our Jim with sartin colleagues hurriedly had run away.

Did you ever taste of trouble drinks its dregs of bitter gall,  
 Why the burden 'twould have been lighter had I lost the children all.  
 Wife and I disgraced, dishonored, when we hoped for joy and pride,  
 Sir, I almost wished her buried and I sleeping by her side.  
 Every prospect dulled and blighted every feeling numb and dead,  
 All the world it seemed against us every spark of hope had fled.  
 Wife she sobbed like any infant, thought her poor heart would break,  
 Tried my very best to comfort and cheer up for her sake.  
 She would not believe the story tho' it caused her bitter grief,  
 Said she knew her Jim was reckless but he never was a thief.



"And he walked right in and stood there holding out his hand to me."

When a story once gets goin' course it never loses ground,  
 En' in just a little season it had travelled miles around.  
 All the neighbors they grew distant didn't sympathize ner cheer,  
 En' they'd meet the other children with a mocking kind of sneer.  
 Jack en Jenny proud of spirit didn't want around to stay,  
 So I mortgaged the old humstead got 'em money to go 'way.  
 Went away to Manitoba, soon had troubles of their own,  
 Left the load of debt and sorrow here to wife and I alone.  
 Never heard a word from Jim, sir, through the many years which fled,  
 He almost became forgotten, I had give him up for dead.  
 Heard he was in Colorado, heard some one had seen him there,  
 Tried my very best to find him but I couldn't anywhere.

Wife and I toiled on together in a drear half-hearted way,  
 With that mortgage gnawing at us growing poorer every day.  
 Made us scratch to pay the interest for it wasn't very small,  
 By and by we failed completely had to lose our precious all  
 Mr. Bailiff came one morning and nailed up his bill of sale,  
 And he sorter kinder hinted wife and I should be in jail.  
 Said our family had a record, spose he hinted at our Jim,  
 Then I told him were I younger I would mop the earth with him.  
 Said I'd better mop the debt off then I might commence to blow,  
 If I didn't in a fortnight from the place I'd surely go.

Well the night before the sale, sir, my wife en' I were feelin' sore,  
 Settin' there in sober silence when a rap came at the door.  
 Wife she went and drew it open, saw her o'er her glasses stare,  
 When a stranger asked politely if John Bollingbrook lived there.  
 Mother said I was the person which perhaps he wished to see,  
 And he walked right in and stood there holding out his hand to me.  
 Thought he looked kinder rather familiar, but the light was rather dim,  
 Father, said he kind of softly, don't you know your Black Sheep Jim.  
 Wife she fell upon his bosom, laughing, weeping in her joy,  
 Crying, that her prayers were answered, Heaven had returned her boy.

Talk about that bible union when they killed the fatted calf,  
 Why they didn't start to welcome, wasn't glad as we by half.  
 Course we didn't have much victuals ner no jealous son with jeers,  
 But we gave to him a banquet in the form of joyous tears.  
 Soon he handed me a paper which I knew at very sight,  
 It was that are cursed mortgage, he had paid it off that night,

Then he g  
 Saying the  
 Did he ste  
 Why the

Jim got ri  
 And the b  
 They're co  
 Then we'll  
 This, sir,  
 Once he al  
 I don't go  
 Ner I ain't  
 I don't go  
 But there s

Then he gave me other papers scarcely before I could him thank,  
Saying they secured my credit for five thousand in the bank.  
Did he steal I heard you ask me, bless you never stole a dime,  
Why the chap that done the thieving he was caught and done his time.

Jim got rich in Colorado working in a silver mine,  
And the boys that went off with him they are there and doin' fine.  
They're comin' home next summer, fer tew see the folks once more,  
Then we'll hold a grand reception down at Simpson's grocery store.  
This, sir, is my simple story 'bout our boy, that Black Sheep Jim,  
Once he all but had my curses, now I almost worship him.  
I don't go much on religion nor prayer meetin's an' that sort,  
Ner I ain't one of 'em mortals that are given to exhort.  
I don't go much on the preachers, fer their sermons never eare,  
But there surely is a ransom for a christian woman's prayer.



## THE TRIP OF THE SUNSET LIMITED.

(A RAILROAD STORY.)

Away up the line in the mountains where the road is winding and wild.  
Jim Riley, the driver, was stationed, there he lived with his wife and child;  
He came here among us a stranger and he hired on the "overland" route,  
And he was a capital driver, as good as was ever turned out.  
Riley's wife was a railroader's daughter, a millionaire's daughter they said.  
But she fell mad in love with the driver and they ran away and got wed;  
They sent Riley up in the mountains to run on the rocky divide,  
He got a permit from the company to allow on the engine his bride.

'Twas the end of a west division where an engine was held in reserve,  
And Jim was in charge and her driver, he knew every trestle and curve;  
Jim's wife, it was said, was his equal; she could throttle, reverse and could  
brake,

And many times Jim was heard boasting that far better time she could  
make.

She could force up the grade to the summit and down with the greatest  
control

And the mogul seemed at her bidding with all of its ponderous soul,  
She knew it from headlight to tender, she had gamboled the honeymoon  
there,

Jim called her the master mechanic when making a needed repair.

'Twas a cold dreary night in December, a snowstorm was thickening fast;  
The storm-breeding, snow-covered mountains were breathing their bitterest  
blast;

The "Limited" train on its journey with its burden of tourists and freight  
Pulled into that little way station and nearly an hour she was late;  
With her engine, a light one disabled, her driver complained of his ill,  
At best neither he nor his engine could cope with the storm or the hills,  
The conductor awakened Jim's fireman, bid him put the "old mogul to  
right,"

For said he "she's in for a saunter up over the mountain to-night."

He bade  
But when  
He was v  
near  
Spoke up  
The con  
goin  
Said all t  
its b  
Jim lifted  
Said he,  
Just take  
En' em t

The cond  
Said he,  
The won  
"Don't r  
Just lay  
thro  
And per  
"I'll go,  
But not t

She retir  
And app  
With a g  
She said  
There sh  
When th  
nigh  
He was  
For fear

The mog  
Awaiting  
Her air  
The fire  
go.  
With he  
on

ED.

He bade him hitch on and make ready "I'll go and get Riley," he said,  
But when he arrived at the cottage poor Jim couldn't hold up his head;  
He was weakened and ill with a fever and his wife by the bed standing  
near

Spoke up to the startled man saying it's all off to-night Jake I fear.

The conductor made known his position, he'd some magnates on board  
going west,

Said all things against him were turning when his train should be running  
its best;

Jim lifted his head from the pillow and pointing the man to his wife

Said he, "Jerry she'll take you over and give you the run of your life;

Just take her along with you Jerry and don't tell anyone, see,

En' 'em big bugs what's a tourin' they never will know but it's me."

The conductor stepped up in amazement like a man coming out of a trance,  
Said he, "If the Missis will go Jim, I'm hanged if I don't take the chance."

The woman cried out all a tremble, "Oh I couldn't leave baby and Jim."

"Don't never mind me nor the baby," said Riley, "I'll take care of him.

Just lay him right here by my pillow he'll sleep this long dreary night  
through,

And perhaps the station-house woman will come over and care for us too."

"I'll go," cried the brave little woman, "I'll go with the help from Above,  
But not for the railway magnates, but I'll go for the ones that I love."

She retired to the low cottage chamber to fix her disguise up as Jim

And appeared in almost an instant, and looking exactly like him;

With a good-night kiss for her loved ones and a farewell again and again

She said, "I'm ready for duty," and they hurried away to the train.

There she climbed up into the cabin and took Riley's place at the right,

When the fireman spoke out roughly, saying, "Jim, it's a danged rough  
night."

He was piling in coal to the furnace so she turned her face from the glow  
For fear the fireman might notice and perhaps lose heart and not go.

The mogul seemed fretful and nervous as a spirited steed o'er the race

Awaiting the reins of the rider to gallop away in the chase,

Her air pump was throbbing and sighing, the safety valve loudly did blow,

The fireman called out from his window, "All right, Jim, old boy, let her  
go."

With her slender hand grasping the throttle, quite gently she let the steam  
on

And blew a loud blast from the whistle that Riley might know she had gone.

The engine took steam very quickly, seeming quicker than ever before, Her puffing grew faster and faster and became a continual roar.

With Jim at her side on the engine she was as free as a bird on the wing' But to guide her alone through the mountains 'twas a very different thing: She knew it was no time for flinching and banished each fancy and dream And turned the reverse in her favor and gave her a little more steam.

She swept round a curve like a cyclone and bounded from mile posts to posts

And the snow from her pilot flew backwards and vanished like white garment ghosts,

On on up the grade to the summit, 'twas a weary and dangerous climb, There at last and the fireman spoke, saying, "Jim, you've gained ten minutes of time."



"And the snow from her pilot flew backwards and vanished like white garment ghosts."

The g  
And d  
The fl  
Steppe  
Then  
That's  
Then  
How J

Did e  
The f  
He gu  
And  
Down  
And

She h  
She v

If the

And  
She a

Then

She  
And  
Old

And

Like  
And  
He  
The  
He  
And

Jul  
Jul

The grade being now in her favor she dashed from the summit away,  
 And down the grade of the mountain as an eagle swoops on its prey,  
 The fireman alarmed at the silence and being unnerved at the pace  
 Stepped timidly up to the boiler and stood staring into her face.  
 Then staggering back to the tender, he cried: "By the fates that are rife,  
 That's not Jim Riley a driving, but his loving and true little wife."  
 Then quickly she told him the story and about how she happened to come;  
 How Jim was sick with the fever with her dear little treasure at home,

Did ever mankind honor woman; did ever man cherish his bride;  
 The fireman transformed to a hero would lay down his life by her side;  
 He grasped up the heavy steel raker and sprung at the great furnace door  
 And worked the rest of that journey as man never worked before.  
 Down, down the descent they were fleeing with the speed of a hunted deer,  
 And the misty lights in the valley made known that the crossing was  
     near;  
 She had orders to make the crossing of the "Overland" going East;  
 She was nervous just for the moment and the heart throbbed loud in her  
     breast.

If the switch should be turned to the siding, and she would plunge into the  
     train,  
 And a thousand other fancies went flashing across her brain;  
 She anxiously watched for the signal; through the storm caught a glance  
     of its gleam.  
 Then she murmured a prayer for her loved ones and put on a full head  
     of steam.  
 She dashed by the semaphore signal and on by the station-house guard;  
 And rolling over the switches she swept like the wind through the yard;  
 Old railroaders back at the station shook their heads at the Limited's  
     flight,  
 And said there goes reckless Jim Riley and he's driving a bit to-night.

Like a phantom she winged through the valley abreast of the driving gale,  
 And the fireman swore that the angels were holding her down to the rail;  
 He said "they were on the tender and as true as the great St. John,  
 They were in the cab by the woman and ahead they were beckoning on."  
 He opened the door of the furnace and held his watch down to the glare,  
 And he cried by the powers that's above us, we're on time with a minute  
     to spare;  
 Just twenty miles more of the journey, just twenty miles more of a run,  
 Just a few weary moments of anguish and the brave woman's work would  
     be done.



Now back in the coaches the tourists were all of the very best cheer,  
And had made up a round sum of money to present to the brave engineer,  
And one of the millionaire magnates spoke, saying: "Gents, if I can,  
I'd like to present the token and say a few words to the man."

Then out spoke the happy conductor, saying: "Gentlemen, what do you think ;

But I've got the best railroad story that was ever printed with ink."

The one you so much have been praising, and to whom the token will fall,  
He isn't our regular driver, but a brave little woman that's all ;

Our driver is ill with a fever ; his wife she is there at his post ;

She has safely guided us over and made up the time which was lost."

They exclaimed as if one voice together, with a startled look on each face:  
What ! only a woman that's driving, a woman running that pace ;

The men staggered back in their cushions, the women were sobbing aloud,  
In the car there wasn't a whisper—a spell had come over the crowd.

From the engine there came a shrill whistle, which echoed away on the  
wind,

And the train thundered into the station, she was not a minute behind ;

The Mogul she looked like a snow-bird, to behold her a beautiful sight—

The snowbanks had stove in her headlight—she showed many scars of the  
fight.

The passengers rushed to the engine from every part of the train,

But the brave little woman had fainted—her strength had give to the  
strain.

They carried her into the station and summoned medical aid ;

There was many a sad tear falling and many kind words there were said,  
Near by stood one of the magnates—he flew to her side like a dart,

And grasping the form of the woman, he held it close to his heart ;

His face was a flush of excitement—it seemed as if the man had gone wild.

"Great Heavens," he cried, "its my Mary, my darling, my long lost child."

He bent over the form now so lifeless, and bathed the pale face with his  
tears ;

Long ago he'd forgiven her marriage and to find her had hunted for years ;

She began to show signs of reviving and opened her eyes with affright ;

Oh, there was joyous reunion in that railway station that night.

Next day she went back to her loved ones, to the little frame cottage afar ;

But not in the cab of an engine—she rode in a grand special car ;

The millionaire magnate went with her, he was going to get driver Jim

And take him again to his railroad and make an official of him.

This.  
Shou  
w  
They  
y  
And  
Her  
Her  
Here  
A  
The  
le  
As  
th  
May

This, sir, is my railroad story, and a thrilling one, too, for your life ;  
Should you doubt it, or think I am lying, just write and ask Jim and his  
wife.

They're living down east in a palace, and the fireman, well, he's with them  
yet,

And also the old battered mogul, lest they become proud and forget.  
Her steel is as bright as a sabre, but the scars of that night still remain —  
Her headlight is battered and broken, her pilot is twisted in twain ;  
Here's success to the knights of the engine, may their guide be that from

Above,

The best of good cheer for their babies and regards for the women they  
love.

As they're nearing the end of life's journey, and watch for the great signal  
light,

May it not be colored nor cloudy, but burning brilliant and white.



## GRAHAM GREEN'S EXPERIENCE.

---

Three years ago to-day, wife, we moved up to the town —  
 Three years ago we, well-to-do, to-day are broken down.  
 I hustled 'round this morning getting straightened up on time,  
 Was waiting for an early customer to catch an early dime,  
 When in walked a portly fellow, ragged out fine as ever seen,  
 Handing me a letter, says he, "I believe your'e Mr. Green."  
 Then he straightway dropped the curtains on the windows and the door  
 And acted like a fellow that was going to run the store;  
 And when I commenced to sputter, to parley and to jaw,  
 He said he was appointed to put in force the law.  
 And he said I "wasn't in it," then he quickly locked the door,  
 But I reckoned I was in it for a thousand three or four.  
 "You're not the the only one," says he, "that dishonestly have failed."  
 And kind of hinted like that perhaps he'd have me jailed.

It seems to me it's rough enough for one in years to fail,  
 'Then to have a set of roughs threaten you with jail.  
 'Tis a mighty lucky thing, wife, I left the farm with you,  
 If I hadn't I suppose they'd of gobbled that up too.  
 But I think I understand why my business wasn't good,  
 I did not edvertise it as the Editor said I should.  
 He said that every merchant doing business in the place  
 Paid toward his paper and in it had a space.  
 Then I got upon my dignity and was a little mad  
 And told him that I didn't want his paper nor his ad.,  
 And also that I knew enough to run a village store  
 And with that he needn't bother his noddle any more.

So I sold Tom, Dick and Harry that came along the way,  
 Expecting they were honest and, of course, I'd get my pay;  
 And I never thought that farmers as a lot were bad at heart,  
 But I've learned you have have to watch them or of you they'll get a start.  
 When I sold to them my store goods, which I guarantee were good,  
 They would trade me frowy butter and draw me dozy wood.  
 As a rule those wholesale fellows don't deal in farmers' trash,  
 They have you you sign a paper which means a case of cash.  
 And I guess the clerks I hired had the business fairly well,

For I t  
 So whe  
 There  
 And th  
 I've en  
 So we'  
 For if  
 Yes, w  
 And s

For I think they shared the profits though, of course, I couldn't see,  
So when they got through dipping in the saucepan, don't you see,  
There was mighty little pudding left for you and me.  
And though I haven't got cash at present, it appears,  
I've enough of bought experience to last throughout my years.  
So we'll move back to the old farm and there we will abide,  
For if we stay amongst these sharks I fear they'll want our hide.  
Yes, we'll move back on the old farm, 'twill be more in our line,  
And soon there'll come a failure, and we will both assign.



## SIMON'S DECISION.

I'm tired of the hurry en' worry, of the noise en' the smoke en' the din ;  
It pains me to see so much sorrow, it grieves me to see so much sin ;  
I'm tired of the jolting en' jarring, en' the clatter of hoofs on the street ;  
I'm tired of the ramming and jamming, en' roasted alive with the heat ;  
I'm tired of 'em jumpin'-jack trolleys, with their saw-filing screechin' 'en dirt ;

Good lands, they'll run over a feller en' not even ask if he's hurt.  
I'm tired of a running en' dodging en' gopping at this thing en' that—  
En' my knees have got the rheumatics from climbing up stairs to a flat ;  
I'm tired of this struggle for money, of the hustle and bustle of greed.  
Why the people down here are so crummy they won't buy half what they need.

I'm sick of the planning and scheming, this strife for a dollar or two,  
En' should you get any together you would need a detective with you.  
I'm tired of this watching 'em schemers en' thinking each mortal a shark,  
En' barring the doors en' windows the moment it gets a bit dark.  
Why, the folks are afraid of their shadow ; don't blame 'em for makin' a fuss,

Fer a lot of 'em air crooked fellers don't value the life of a cuss ;  
It grieves me to see little children a slavin' from daylight till dark,  
Whose parents are lazy and worthless, en' a lounging around in the park ;  
I'd like to be boss of 'em fellers that say they're tew sickly ter work ;  
Say, wouldn't I make 'em walk turkey ; I'd learn 'em to "sojer" en shirk.

T'other night I strolled up through the city, a saunterin' and rather slow,

When a youngster called out from an alley : all right, chummy boy, let it go ;

Something struck me right fair on my shoulder en' knocked me clear off from my feet,

En' when I got collected together they were nearly a block up the street ;  
The bomb that they threw was a cabbage, en no small one at that I declare ;  
When it struck on my person it busted, en' whew ! but it scented the air !  
Then they hollered out "Simon, oh Simon, just go away back en' sit down."  
I've concluded I'm more calculated to live in the country than town.

The gu  
That my  
They sa  
ma  
En' pluc  
The kid  
Thet I'd  
So I gue  
Fer I'm

So I gue  
farr  
Back the  
Where t  
lilie  
And the  
snow  
Where t  
spar  
Where th  
Where th  
did's  
And the  
sprin  
Where na  
Has color

I don't s  
'Tain't li  
It's not li  
Or tear a  
I guess th  
Well, I'm  
For every  
So I'll pa  
En' go ba  
sweet

I know t  
stray  
En' the cl  
There is o  
there

The guiddy girls call me a "Gussie," en' say that "I'm big for my jeans;  
That my "cocoanut it has gone buggy," whatever that tarnal thing means;  
They say I'm tew green for preserving, that they'll let me hang on en'  
mature,

En' pluck me sometime when I'm riper en' rank with the real Simon pure.  
The kids say my fine cut is leakin', thet my celery top should be sheared;  
Thet I'd make a capital statue, if I'd only sandpaper my beard;  
So I guess thet I'd better be goin' before they're a cookin' me brown.  
Fer I'm thinkin' thet I am intended far more for the country than town.

So I guess thet I'll pack up my satchel en' go back to the country en'  
farm—

Back there to the old fashioned village, where summer is lending her charm,  
Where the sweet-scented lilacs are budding, where the cowslips and pond  
lilies grow,

And the apples and plum trees are laden with blossoms as white as the  
snow,

Where the white clover blooms in the meadows, and the window vines  
sparkle with dew;

Where the adder-tongue nods in the woodland, and violets of beautiful hue;  
Where the farm cattle graze on the hillside; where the crickets and Katy-  
did's sing,

And the water-fowl bathes in the crystal that tunefully flows from the  
spring;

Where nature has set up her easel and deft with her sunshine brush,  
Has colored the slumbering landscape with yellow, purple and blush.

I don't s'pose many will miss me from the city of glitter and glare,  
'Tain't likely they'll wear any mourning—I don't s'pose any will care;  
It's not likely any will bother or ask why I hurried away,  
Or tear any rents in my fulleloth in order to get me to stay;  
I guess they can run the big city without a big gossoon like me  
Well, I'm perfectly willin' to let them, then on that question we will agree.  
For every odd dollar you gobble, you take about five of abuse,  
So I'll pack up my old carpet satchel, shake the city dust off from my feet,  
En' go back where the people are friendly and the air is refreshing and  
sweet.

I know thet they'll give me a welcome; didn't want me to ramble en'  
stray,

En' the children en' mother were weeping the morning I started away,  
There is one will be joyous en' happy when she knows I'm a coming back  
there—

That's my old-fashioned sweetheart, Lucinda ; I'm sure she is one thet will  
care,

Fer her letters are lovin' en tender, though no gems of a great penman's  
art—

They're alus so sweet en confiden' en worded en penned from her heart.

I know she's awaitin' my comin' back there to the village once more :

There together we'll stroll through the wildwood, the meadows and fields,  
as of yore.

Yes, I'm goin' back there to the homestead ; you can stay here en hustle  
and fret ;

You're welcome to all the dollars thet from 'em city fellers you get ;

I'm goin' back there to the village ; you can stay here en worry en frown ;

But fer me I would ruther be livin' out there in the country than town.



Hasn'  
And f  
He ca  
And t  
It's be  
And h  
Fight  
He's a

He's a  
And r  
He ca  
And i  
But h  
And v  
Never  
He is

## THE CANUCK.



Let me sing you of a trooper in a little gingle  
 song,  
 He's a mixture as to breeding and about ten  
 thousand strong,  
 Occupies of earth a corner termed the "Lady  
 of the snow,"  
 Doesn't spend his time in boasting, never hear  
 him brag nor blow ;  
 He's a handy little fellow and of the aggressive  
 kind,  
 And a chap more patriotic 'twould be very  
 hard to find ;  
 I will introduce you to him, he is famous for  
 his pluck,  
 He's a worthy little patriot and they call him  
 the "Canuck."

Hasn't got no powerful navy, but you bet he's got the grit,  
 And for any little squabble you will find him always fit ;  
 He can stand the army hardships and he understands a gun.  
 And to duck and dodge a bullet seems to be his recreation fun.  
 It's been proven he's no kicker in regards to grub and fare,  
 And he'll fight with odds against him as if everything was square ;  
 Fight like any cornered house-rat, do his best and trust to luck,  
 He's a sandy little urchin that they've nick-named the "Canuck."

He's at home on the prairie, in the bush-wood, on the plain,  
 And no novice as a sailor, he is fearless on the main ;  
 He can shoot the river rapids in his slender bark canoe,  
 And in fact there's precious little that this handy chap can't do.  
 But he'll fight, that's demonstrated, and a match for any foe,  
 And when his country calls him you may gamble he will go,  
 Never bothers 'bout the distance, he'll be there and show his pluck,  
 He is wooley, hard to curry, he's a corker, the "Canuck."



They may boast about their English, of their Irish and their Scotch,  
Their Fusiliers, their Devons, their Highlanders and such ;  
They may brag about their Dutchmen and the "Yankee Boys in Blue,"  
But this plucky little patriot is a scrapper through and through.  
He will never raise disturbance, he is jolly, kind and free,  
He's contented, he is happy, but I charge you leave him be,  
Don't go there with your invading, don't mistake about his pluck,  
He's a royal Bengal tiger when aroused, this ere "Canuck."

He has had his little squabbles with the base invading crew,  
And the outcome of the project should be proof enough for you  
That he'll guard his native country here among the northern pine,  
Canada his home, his idol, Canada, ah, land divine.  
Then unfurl the old red banner, let them call it but a rag.  
Brave colonials of valor they will rally round that flag ;  
Let them herald Britain's dying that her prestige it has flown,  
When Great Britain's wounds are bleeding, she will never bleed alone.

Hoist the battle-scarred old banner, let it o'er the troopers fly,  
We will doff our hats with honor when the boys go marching by ;  
Yes, unfurl the old red bunting, we will rally round it all,  
And should dire defeat o'ertake it, then will we together fall ;  
And as long as England's England may she never cease to be,  
We'll protect and guard her honor on the border on the sea ;  
We will boast upon our Irish and our English and our Scotch,  
On our brethren from Australia, our New Zealanders and such ;  
Loud proclaim their noble powers, brag about their British pluck,  
And we'll find a loyal patriot in the weather-worn "Canuck."



## **Other Poems and Lyrics.**

## THE 'BULLS' AND THE 'BEARS.'

---

I've been reading in the papers  
Of the many "bears" and "bulls,"  
All about their trusts and combines;  
All about their money "pulls;"  
Some folks call them thieves and robbers,  
Saying that they're doing wrong,  
Taking from the honest workmen  
That which most to them belong.

Tell me that they've made the prices  
Of all necessities high,  
That they've cornered up the markets  
Of all things beneath the sky,  
Say that I'll require a license  
Just in order here to stay.  
Well, I haven't got no license,  
Nor I'm not a going away.

I can't see how they're controlling  
All the best and choicest things;  
Don't believe the brightest treasures  
All belong to the monied kings;  
There are scores of hallowed treasures  
To the millionaires unknown,  
They belong to humble people  
And controlled by them alone.

They may form their trusts and combines,  
Fill their pockets with the spoil;  
They may raise the price of living,  
And put down the wage of toil;  
Raise their great sky-scraping buildings,  
And put up the price of rent;  
They may plunder, purge and pillage  
Till they've cornered every cent.

S.  
They can fix the hours of labor  
For the workman and the clerk,  
And demand a double portion  
From the slaves that do the work ;  
They may corner all the markets,  
Manage every stock and deal,  
And the millions in their coffers  
Seem to justify the steal.

They may form their trusts and combines  
And control the commerce trade ;  
Can extort upon the prices  
On most everything that's made ;  
They may fix a price for woollens,  
For the cotton and the silk,  
And arrange a price for produce,  
For the cheese, the bread and milk.

They may corner stocks of railroads,  
Corner stocks of steamship lines,  
Form their trusts of light and fuel ;  
Form their combines of the mines ;  
They may multiply their thousands  
By their scheming in an hour,  
But to corner nature's treasure,  
That is far beyond their power.

They can't corner up the sunbeams  
Lighting up the murky clouds ;  
Cannot charge their shining raiment ;  
Turn them into mourning shrouds,  
Nor control the gentle breezes  
As they cool the sweating brow.  
On them they can form no combines  
With their millions, that I vow.

They can't corner up the shadows  
Of the twilight as they creep,  
Nor control the golden sunset  
Or the peaceful hours of sleep.

They can form no trusts nor combines  
 On the cool, delightful air,  
 Or arrange their fancy prices  
 For the gifts of nature fair-

Cannot form no trusts and combines  
 On the moonlight's sombre ray,  
 Nor the beauty stars that sparkle  
 Yonder in the milky way.  
 Cannot form no trusts nor combines  
 On the wildwoods shady nooks,  
 Nor the grand and wondrous ocean,  
 Or the leaping mountain brooks.

They can form no trust or combines  
 Of the music of the birds,  
 Nor the Christian deeds of kindness,  
 Or the kind and loving words ;  
 Cannot form their trusts and combines  
 On hope, charity and love,  
 Nor the great and priceless blessings  
 That are promised from above.

Brightest gems hang round in clusters,  
 Not by man nor men controlled,  
 Smiling in the merry sunshine,  
 Glistening as polished gold.  
 Come then let us be contented,  
 Tho' no scarlet coat we wear,  
 Tho' uncouth and coarse the garment  
 Lighter falls the weight of care.

Do not let the thought possess you  
 That they have the best of all ;  
 Tho' the coating may look sweetest,  
 Inside may be bitter gall.  
 True, the humble have their grievings,  
 But they're trivial as compared  
 With the sorrows of the lordly  
 And a dignity impaired.

Canada.  
 Wi  
 Where f  
 Ho

Is there  
 Th  
 Who fo  
 Or

Kind n  
 Be  
 The lov  
 It

Tho' it  
 It  
 Perhap  
 Y

How t  
 L  
 Anxio  
 H

Behold  
 O  
 There  
 A

# HOME.

---

Canada, my loved, my native land, which nature has enthralled   [foam ;  
     With woodland, lake and mountain side where streamlets lift their  
 Where freedom, fellowship and love are peacefully installed—  
     How sweet to speak thy virgin name and call thee home !

Is there of mortal kind a wretch with wickedness so scarred  
     That he could mock the plaintive pleadings of the home-sick heart,  
 Who for the sacred name of home himself hath no regard  
     Or of his better self that home is not a part ?

Kind nature on her children all has deep this love impressed,  
     Be they the cultured and the learned, be they unlettered grope,  
 The love of habitation glows in every human breast,  
     It sobers up the feeling and fans up the fire of hope

Tho' it may be but humble the abode we call our own,  
     It may be in the city or at rustic country-side  
 Perhaps become disordered as the varied years have flown,  
     Yet memories of that home with us will e'er abide.

How the poor truant outcast wandering to and fro afar,  
     Lies down to rest at eventide beneath the starlight dome,  
 Anxious his gaze is fixed upon some bright and distant star,  
     He longing wonders if it centers o'er his home.

Behold yon southern traveller on the storm swept northern moor,  
     O'ercome, sinks down to dream of home, of friends and sunny skies ;  
 There in his dreams perchance he warms before his own hearth-door,  
     And with his countenance aglow he freezing dies.

Nay, space cannot obliterate, nor fleet-winged time erase,  
Yet may the cruel ax bespoil some favored woodland nook ;  
Still will be left some hallowed spot, some kind and loving face,  
Tho' faint the outline left on home's treasured book.

Time only as the mountain stream deep down the crevice wears,  
Tho' crushed the fragrant blooming flowers, is left the sweet perfume.  
As swift the sea-bird to her crag-built, downy nest repairs,  
So do our thoughts revel, and longing, wander home.



## THE DAYS OF "AULD LANG SYNE."

---

May Heaven direct and ever guide the pen  
Of him that told the story of Drumtochty Glen,  
'Tis better than some flowery sermon taught—  
I read from end to end and had no evil thought.

I have not space to give the Glen folk all their due,  
Nor gift to sing the praises of the tried and true;  
But sympathy for Drumsheugh I will here impart,  
And good old Dr. Weelum's kindness touched my heart.

Burnbrae moved the feelings when he, tempest driven,  
Parted with earth's all, but fixed his hope on Heaven,  
The Kirk and Kirkyard, they for me have many ties—  
The happy meetings, welcome grasps, the sad good-byes.

Could I but wander by Drumtochty's flowing ford,  
And meet Kilspindi's earl and honest Burnbrae's lord,  
I'd doff my hat to him of high and lordly might,  
Who to that darkened cotter's life lent kindly light.

No sensual tale is this to mar or taint the age,  
But virtue, love and sterling worth mark every page;  
No treachery nor crime the priceless book records,  
And discords are but interludes between the words.

Oh, may it never cease that earth shall have great men,  
As Ian writes at Drumtochty's hallowed glen?  
My thoughts for time will haunt the Glen's secluded nooks,  
And treasure in my heart its story, prince of books.

Accept, my friend, this humble eulogy of mine—  
May Heaven guide McLaren's pen through every line,  
And ever live the tale, "The Days of Auld Lang Syne."



## THE OLD TIME HUSKIN' BEE.

---

When the autumn sun seems lingering above the russet trees  
And the second growth of clover scents the cooling evening breeze,  
When the corn is in the stook fond memories come to me,  
Of the days long past and gone—of the old-time "huskin' bee."

When I see the harvest gathered and the stacks around in rows,  
And I listen to the cawing of the lazy flying crows,  
When the birds in flocks have gathered and the frost is on the lea,  
I feel like getting ready for the old-time "huskin' bee."

We lads and lasses off would go in lumber wagon loads,  
And we never thought of distance or the roughness of the roads.  
A wagon with a hay-rack at that period, don't you see,  
Was good enough for us to ride to the old-time "huskin' bee."

The neighboring young folks all would come and each and every one,  
Would share in tricks of throwing corn and mingling in the fun.  
And stolen kisses 'mong the corn were no rare thing to see—  
They never were thought out of place at the old-time "huskin' bee."

The huskin' meal with pumpkin pies and heaps of twisted cake,  
And the apple cider, good and strong, to keep the boys awake,  
The watermelon cut in squares would cause the youngsters glee—  
Twas never run on the stingy plan, the old-time "huskin' bee."

The old tin lanterns, from the rustic barn beams carefully hung,  
Gave light as many a joke went round and merry songs were sung;  
Their murky light illumed one comely face that sweeter seemed to me  
Than all the rest assembled there at the old-time "huskin' bee."

We'd husk a time, then we lads all would clear the old barn floor  
And then would partners take and spend a time at terpsichore.  
The fleet-winged moments swift would fly, and when the hours were wee  
We'd leave in pairs and merry loads from the old-time "huskin' bee."

Where  
Unkno  
And th  
Yet sti

---

Where now are those? Some rest in graves in western lands, unknown—  
Unknown to friend or kindred—known to but their God alone;  
And those that live are scattered far o'er land and over sea,  
Yet still their presence haunts to-night the old-time "huskin' bee."



## THE OLD TAVERN STOVE.

---

In a small rural village, far back from the sea,  
The dearest of all of earth's bright spots to me;  
Let me wander once more o'er the hill through the grove  
And sit down again by the Old Tavern Stove. .

You can talk of your coal stove and range o'er and o'er,  
And new fangled furnaces under the floor,  
But I doubt if you'll find, though far you may rove,  
Anything to throw heat like that Old Tavern Stove.

For years the Old Stove held a prominent place,  
And would never resent though oft spit in the face;  
And the Innkeeper he, it never did move—  
'Twas like one of the family that Old Tavern Stove.

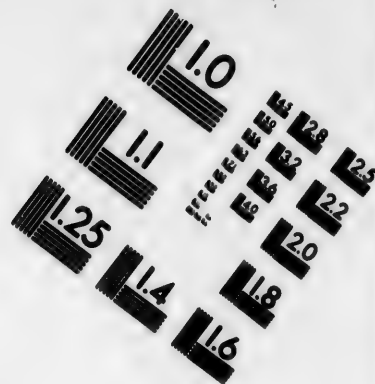
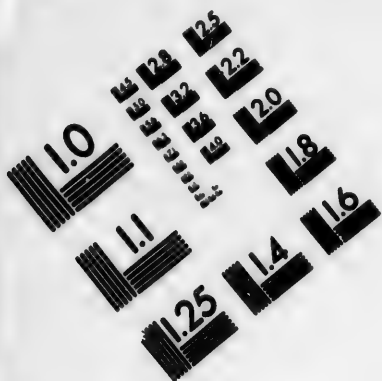
Now you seldom would find a merrier crew  
Than all of we working lads, honest and true;  
With the days work done, we would meet in the grove.  
Toast shins and shop yarns 'round the Old Tavern Stove.

How oft I have heard the old-time drummer say,  
When making his rounds on a cold winter's day,  
He'd feel warm on the road, as he through the sleet drove,  
When he thought of the fire in that Old Tavern Stove.

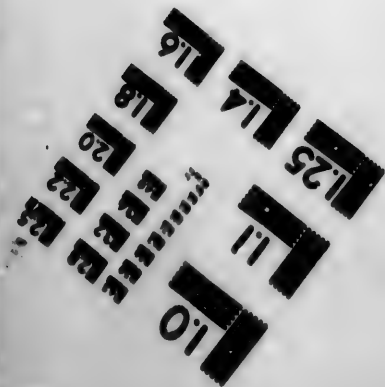
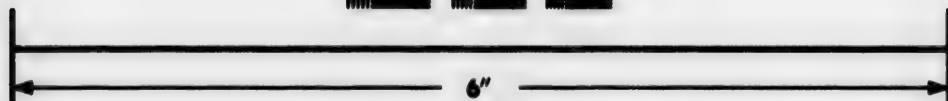
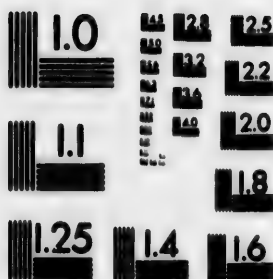


"And, too, like the boys, have grown rusty and old."





**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 873-4383

18  
20  
22  
25

10  
01

When the days they grew short and Xmas was near,  
And all of the village folk were of good cheer,  
From the farms 'round the boys would come in a drove  
And drink a good health with me lads 'round the stove.

Though many the change, yet the stove keeps a hold,  
And, too, like the boys, has grown rusty and old ;  
Now the Innkeeper sleeps in the cemet'ry grove,  
And strangers I see gathered 'round the Old Stove.

But, alas ! to those scenes I must now say good-bye,  
And think of the by-gones but with a sigh ;  
But the place of my childhood I ever will love  
And hold dear the friends that sat 'round the Old Stove.



---

## PEGGY AND Co.

---

There's a little establishment up a side street,  
Surrounded by trees in a village afar.  
And a dear little clerk that is tidy and neat,  
She's as charming and bright as a twinkling star.  
She deals in good wishes and happy home blisses  
And bunches of kisses to make the heart glow,  
With a stock of good graces and bright smiling faces—  
The little love firm of Peggy and Co.

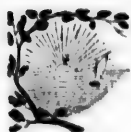
As twilight approaches I hasten and hurry  
Away from all toil to that little love store,  
Quite forget all the cares of the day and its worry  
While joking with Peggy and Co. by the door.  
They treat me to kisses and serve up their blisses,  
They wish me good wishes and love me, I know,  
There are never the traces of sour looking faces  
At the little love store of Peggy and Co.

Though a wanderer now from that rural retreat,  
My thoughts they return to that dear happy spot,  
And I long for the time when my Peggy I'll greet  
And taste of her wears in her little home cot.  
To share in her blisses and receive their good wishes,  
And taste of their kisses as pure as the snow,  
Have them to me clinging, hear their sweet ballads singing.  
The dear little firm of Peggy and Co.

To and fro, as I wander, I never can find  
Anyone that's so true nor a heart that's so gay,  
Nor no one so seemingly loving and kind—  
They drive all my gloomy forebodings away,  
For they deal in bright glories, tell sunshiny stories,  
Sweet bright-sided stories to make the heart glow,  
There you'll find no repining no fretting nor whining,  
At the little love store of Peggy and Co.



This little love firm with its nice little clerk  
 Is my hope and my treasure, the pride of my life,  
 For them 'tis a pleasure to labour, to work,  
 For Peggy and Co. is my baby and wife.  
 They've a stock of good wishes and bunches of kisses,  
 They're waiting their blisses on me to bestow,  
 To see their sweet faces and share in their graces,  
 I'll hie me away to my Peggy and Co.



Harb  
 The  
 Ruth  
 Long  
 Bett  
 Tha

Peop  
 Aris  
 Oh,  
 But  
 Be  
 Be

Let  
 Be  
 Ru  
 Mo  
 Th  
 An

# TO ARMS ! TO ARMS ! !

---

Hark ! hark ! it is the dogs of war we hear out e'er the main,  
 The hounds of freedom loosed and on the track of cruel Spain ;  
 Ruthless is war, but right and justice must and shall prevail,  
 Long ! long ! have we pleaded, suffered, heard the helpless wail ;  
 Better to forfeit life resisting wrong in righteous war  
 Than live and bear the insults of a base and burning sear,  
To arms ! To arms !

People of one spirit, monarch and republic, of one voice,  
 Arise, join hands and hearts, now make one mighty force,  
 Oh, let there be no east, nor west, no south, be there no north,  
 But with fraternal friendship for the right, now speak ; go forth,  
 Be ye as children of our home, our loving household land ;  
 Be ye one whole, and drive each ruthless tyrant from the land.  
To arms ! To arms !

Let bygones now be buried deep ; let factious doctrines be,  
 Be one in peace, be one in war ; rulers of earth and sea !  
 Ruling as Queen and President, with wisdom pure and just,  
 Moulding and shaping a world as two great powers deem best ;  
 Then will the fetter and chain discarded be, and broken lie,  
 And through the peaceful land no more be heard the snarling cry—  
To arms ! To arms !



---

## A CART HORSE'S SOLILOQUY.

---

Only a poor old cart horse of the town,  
Ring-boned and spavined and quite broken down,  
Hauling and tugging at coal up a grade,  
Hearing the curses and feeling the braid,  
Often in temper, on my weary round,  
I near cursed the man the mineral found.

Only an old cart horse, now nearly blind,  
No stranger to whip and to words unkind,  
At feed-time I heard the stable man say  
"That old black pelter there ain't worth his hay."  
Though we in youth may be choice of a fold,  
We're graded the same as the rest when old.

The time was when I was thought of some use,  
Petted and fondled, unknown to abuse.  
My owner would groom and curry me o'er,  
My coat looked slick as the castor he wore,  
And when I was harnessed and hitched with care,  
Folks thought me the very best horse 'round there.

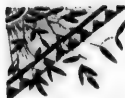
My master, a bland young farmer of pride  
Oft drove me out with a maid by his side,  
And happy the hours that winged o'er we three,  
Then his mind was not very much on me.  
He'd kiss her sweet lips and call her his dear,  
And whisper some words that I couldn't hear.

But the height was reached of my horsehood pride  
The day she was made a mistress and bride,  
Then we happy three drove back to the farm  
And her presence seemed to give a new charm,  
Kind words and kind deeds met every demand—  
Oft I've been fed and caressed by her hand.

UY.  
It gives me new heart to think of the past,  
Of those gilded days too brilliant to last.  
Though we were steady and constant did toil,  
There seemed to a blight come over the soil,  
And my master he of his health was denied,  
Lingered a while, dear kind friend, and then he died.

The sheriff came on with words rather rough  
And sold me off with the rest of the stuff,  
And my mistress wept as in childish years,  
But you can't pay creditors off with tears.  
And I was led off to be slashed and ill used,  
Swore at and upbraided, be jerked and abused.

I'm only an old cart horse of the town,  
Hauling and tugging at coal up a grade,  
Hearing the curses and feeling the braid.  
One of those daws I will fall in the track,  
Take my last load and trip, never come back.



## FIGURE FOR YOURSELF.

Some good and useful maxims, lad, I've heard from time to time,  
And could repeat a score of them in either prose or rhyme ;  
Experience has taught me some and one I'll tell, you elf,  
'Tis this — " When figuring figures, lad, figure for yourself."

In this big world, this great big busy world of ours,  
There's none too many roses, or an overstock of flowers ;  
You'll find mankind a thorny crowd, and if you slyly scan,  
You'll find them figuring for themselves, most always to a man.

I do not mean to teach my lad that all are thieves and ghouls,  
For many have, through conscience sake, true honor in their souls ;  
Nor do I say that naught there is a " friendship true and tried."  
But you will find it better for to in yourself confide.

When striving hard to win, my lad, true merit here on earth,  
The plaudits of a careless crowd are but of little worth ;  
Nor heed ye not the poisoned darts that critics may let fall—  
Remember sterling worth in time will triumph over all.

A secret friend is well, lad, but do not have too many,  
And pounds have oft been made, lad, by laying by a penny ;  
Be honest and be upright in your gain of worldly pelf,  
He can't be called dishonest, he who figures for himself.

Don't glory in your own success nor boast of what you do,  
For many you will meet, my lad, that know a thing or two ;  
Reserve thyself as best you can, for list, I tell you so,  
You never will get thanks, my lad, for telling all you know,

Be who you are and what you are, put on no cloak nor mask,  
They will not lift a burden, lad, nor ease a thorny task ;  
Content thyself with honest toil, thy duty never shirk,  
Remember idleness has filled o'er many graves than work.

The battle is not to the strong, the race not to the fleet,  
And though odds may be against you, never court defeat ;  
A second place in life's great race is better far than none,  
And pluck and perseverance has many a victory won.

Be sure about your bearing, lad, life's ship will toss and roll,  
Life's sea has many storms, lad and many a hidden shoal ;  
Pull steady on your purse strings, stock well the larder shelf,  
And when you're figuring figures, lad, figure for yourself.



---

## KEEP A PEGGING, POUND AWAY.

---

You mischievous stirrin' lad,  
Sit down by your serious dad,  
Listen to his little fad,  
Keep a pegging, pound away,  
Whether gloomy, whether sad,  
Keep a pegging, pound away.

Clouds will rise and storms will come,  
Life's frosts make your feeling numb.  
But of sunshine there'll be some,  
Keep a pegging, pound away,  
Though you're but the merest crumb,  
Keep a pegging, pound away.

Do not loiter on the road,  
Do not stumble with your load.  
With a true and honest code,  
Keep a pegging, pound away ;  
Though but humble your abode,  
Keep a pegging, pound away.

Though the wayside loungers jeer,  
Tho' the proud and haughty sneer,  
When the road looks dark and drear,  
Keep a pegging, pound away ;  
Go ahead and never fear,  
Keep a pegging, pound away.

Should life's warfare mark and mar,  
And the journey jolt and jar,  
When the goal may look afar,  
Keep a pegging, pound away ;  
Murkey clouds bedim your star,  
Keep a pegging, pound away.

---

Calmly meet each stubborn thing,  
Always to your honor cling ;  
Do the right though great the sting,  
Keep a pegging, pound away ;  
When you feel like sighing, sing,  
Keep a pegging, pound away.

Possession all within you lies,  
Strive to be the good and wise ;  
Strive to win the hallowed prize,  
Keep a pegging, pound away ;  
There's no rest beneath the skies,  
Keep a pegging, pound away.





---

A PRETTY ROUGH WORLD LITTLE CHAP.

---

It's a pretty rough world you've struck, little chap,  
Pretty rough world to get through,  
And your mother and I  
Other fish have to fry  
Than running and waiting on you.  
Maybe you think it fun  
To keep us on the run—  
It's a blessing to us you're not two,  
For one of you're stock  
Is enough in a block  
To haloo and yell goo-goo !

It's a pretty rough world, you'll find, little chap,  
A pretty hard world, you'll find,  
You'll need jog a pace  
If you keep in life's race  
Or you'll be a back number behind.  
You'll need to be tough  
And be made of good stuff,  
Not o'er chicken hearted inclined,  
So rest while you can  
For there's none for a man,  
There's none for a man, little chap.

It's a pretty tough world you've struck little chap,  
A pretty tough world, I know,  
Can't blame you a bit  
For showing your grit  
'Cause things ain't a runnin' just so.  
But your starting to kick  
About things mighty quick  
And dictating how they should go.  
But don't get too gay  
With your pert little say  
Or you'll run against snags, little chap.

AP.

It's a big, busy world you'll find, little chap,  
 A big, busy world, and wide,  
     With its right and its wrong  
     And its great careless throng  
 That are drifting along with the tide.  
     So don't think you're boss,  
     Nor get haughty and cross,  
 For there's many a downfall to pride,  
     Better save all your tears  
     For the shipwreck years,  
 For there's many a squall, little chap.

It's a pretty cold world you'll find, little chap,  
 It's pretty careless and cold—  
     It don't care, my lad,  
     For you or your dad—  
 If you haven't got genius or gold,  
     'Twill give you but jeers  
     For your useless tears,  
 Better leave all your grievings untold.  
     Be your own bosom friend  
     For it pays in the end,  
 Yes, it pays in the end, little chap.

It's a long, long world, and it's wide, little chap,  
 A long old world and it's wide,  
     And the folks you'll find  
     They ain't any too kind,  
 So with us you'd better abide.  
     The great worldly crew  
     Will come calling for you  
 If you're worthy, for genius can't hide.  
     So contentedly rest,  
     In your nice cradle nest,  
 These are halcyon days, little chap.



## TO A CAGED CANARY.

---

In bondage bred, in bondage held,  
Sweet bird of song ;  
From wire bound cage thy notes are swelled  
The whole day long.

We hear thee pipe at early morn  
A welcome lay ;  
The echoes through the hall are borne  
In harmony.

Yet happy in that iron bound fold,  
Poor tortured thing,  
You, like some martyred saint of old,  
In prison sing.

Me-thinks at times to break the seal  
And let thee fly  
To yonder bush, and freedom feel  
Once ere you die.

Unto your mate me-thinks I hear you sing  
In some green nook,  
Then fly to dip thy beak or flit thy wing  
In some clear brook.

Or help to build the skilled but tiny nest  
In some old tree,  
And soothe with evening song thy young to rest  
When thou wer't free.

Say, would I now but let thee go  
To join the throng,  
Would thou return at winter's snow,  
Thou germ of song ?

## THE DISTRICT FAIR.

It's the same old fair  
 In the same old place,  
 The same grey horse  
 In the same scrub race.  
 The same old rooster  
 And the same old hen,  
 The same old maid,  
 The same homely men.  
 The same old boys  
 And the same gay girls  
 With the same old giggles  
 And the same old curls.  
 The same old peanuts  
 At the same old stand,  
 The same old clowns  
 And the same old band.  
 The same stunted melons  
 In the same old rig.  
 The same old wagon,  
 The same old gig.  
 The same spooney pair  
 Lal-a gaggin' around,  
 The same little kids  
 Steelin' into the ground,  
 The same old police  
 There watching the lads,  
 The same old fakes  
 And the same old fads.  
 The same old farmer  
 With the same old bags,  
 The same old bums  
 With the same old "jags"  
 The same old cows  
 And the same old bulls,  
 The same little winks  
 And the same little "pulls,"  
 The same head-marshall  
 On the same black nag,  
 The same old bunting  
 And the same old flag.  
 The same old balloon,

All but the bust,  
The same old dirt,  
The same old dust.  
The same fancy-work, [ &c.  
Been showing since the flood



---

## TWILIGHT ON THE LAKE.

---

Beneath the western hills the sun dips down,  
A disc of vermeil light and purple fire,  
A spell of stillness now is hung upon  
The ancient forest with its feathered lyre.

The sheen of summer's green and leafy gown,  
Like some fair maid's, her jewels glit and gleam,  
A film of hazy gauze, a form of grace,  
Now floats before me like a pleasing dream.

And there the lyric brook which nature has enthral'd,  
The tuneful ear of May made silvery in tones,  
Here to my haunt her shrunken rivulet has crawled  
And flows with sullen murmur o'er the stones.

The cool, beloved breeze with healing art,  
Now fans my cheek and cools my feasting brain,  
It lends dull anguish wings to swift depart  
And drives away the bed-fellow of pain.



## A CHARLESTON LAKE LYRIC.

---

Come with me away at the glistening dawn  
Through the fields with their sweet scented clover,  
    Where the streamlet is creeping,  
    Now gliding, now leaping,  
The grey granite rocks bounding over.

To the stillness and cool, we will wander away,  
We'll follow the stream in its flowing—  
    Its windings and turns,  
    By the maiden-hair ferns,  
By the wild-flags and pitcher plants growing.

Come with me away to the enchanted Lake,  
With cessation from toil there we'll loiter,  
    In the shade of the crest  
    Where the gull hangs her nest  
And the white lilies float on the water.

Where the landscape resplendent in color is toned  
With tints that no artist commands,  
    There the purples and blues  
    And the warm russet hues  
Are blended by masterly hands.

The crags lifting up from their firm mountain beds,  
Like gilded church spires they are shining,  
    There the evergreen trees  
    Rock a-by in the breeze  
And the clouds show a tip of their lining.

The wild roses bloom on the grassy descent  
And the butter-cups nod in the hollow,  
    Where the sand-piper sings  
    By the wild grape that clings  
And the water-fowl feeds in the shallow.

My boat is awaiting me down the calm bay  
With wings snowy white as the plover,  
And often, I reckon,  
Her white wings they beckon,  
As a maiden would signal her lover.

Then hasten away at the glistening dawn,  
Through the sweet-scented dales we'll be wending,  
Till we come to the lake,  
To the lily and brake,  
When the soft sombre colors are blending.

We'll be soothed off to sleep at the close of the day,  
As the soft summer twilight is falling,  
To the tremulous tune  
Of the sentinel loon  
And the voice of the whip-poor-will calling.





## NEVER MIND.

---

Should the big world sneer and frown,  
Seeming try to keep you down,  
Steel your well deserving crown,  
Grieve you with its deeds unkind ;  
"Grin and bear it," never mind.  
Nature gave to and I  
More than men could, should they try.  
Gifts which money could not buy,  
Precious gifts of priceless kind,  
Men can't steal them, never mind.

Here the worm-wood and the gall  
Pour their drops for one and all,  
Some are great drops, some are small.  
With your portion be resigned  
To yourself your woe confined ;  
Let the sunshine gild your van,  
Speak a kind word when you can ;  
Kind words sometimes make a man.  
So disdain be dumb and blind,  
Do your duty, never mind.

Others finer cloaks may wear,  
With them you could not compare ;  
But they all their crosses bear  
And have failings, too you'll find,  
Failings of the canker kind.  
As you chant your humble song.  
Should you sing a measure wrong  
It will harmonize e'er long,  
Do not stop nor lag behind,  
Keep on singing, never mind.

There are false pretenders, true,  
But you'll run across a few.  
Which perchance know more than you.  
"Know-alls" are not hard to find ;  
They can't hurt you, never mind.

---

Storms will toss your slender boat,  
Read your chart of life by note,  
" Pump and pray " to keep afloat ;  
Some calm harbor you will find,  
Watch the breakers, never mind.

Often down some unknown bay,  
Treasure ships are cast away,  
Ships of richest treasures they ;  
Treasure-seekers will them find,  
Trim their sails before the wind,  
Loose the anchor, set them free,  
Steer them o'er the troubled sea.  
Fast them to the flowery lea,  
Cast their worth before mankind ;  
Do your best, then, never mind.



## TO OUR FALLEN HEROES.

---

Two thousand strong they sailed away  
Pick of our kin our pride were they  
Gallant and brave were our boys that day,

    The best we had,  
To do and to die there at their post,  
With no vain heraldy nor boast,  
For far from home on Africa's coast  
    Some hearts were sad.

There facing cannons, smoking jaws,  
There fighting for the Saxon laws  
There dying for another's cause ;

    What ask ye more ?  
Or think ye should you closely scan,  
That fill their place we easy can ?  
No, each was every inch a man  
    Who left our shore.

On Africa's dreary veldt they stood,  
Abreast the cannon's leadened flood ;  
Around them running pools of blood,

    They pushed forward,  
Surrounded they by Britain's dead,  
Still fighting on when others fled,  
We'll never run, methinks they said,  
    They were no cowards.

They, sturdy champions of right,  
They, cunning craftsmen in the fight,  
And demons in the cause of right,

    To make men free.  
Yet tempered as the wild woods rose,  
Loving and beloved in a land of snows,  
But they a thorn to Saxon's foes,  
    And tyranny.

Enshroud them in Great Britain's pride,  
Their native emblems lay beside.

It was for them they fought and died ;

We'll be resigned.

May Saxon nations clasp the hand,  
And o'er their honored dust demand

That equal rights be o'er the land

For all mankind.

'Tis sad that they should die and leave  
The good work which they helped achieve ;  
We feel the keen remorse and grieve,

But say, " Well done "

O'er Kopje and o'er veldt afar,

The strife goes on like bitter war,

And near their graves will mark and mar,

But they'll rest on.

A nation's sorrow is the wage,  
Write down their names on history's page,  
Preserve it for the coming age

In accents clear.

As long as Canada shall be,

As long as Saxons rule the sea,

As long as men love liberty,

They'll hold it dear.



## **Habitant Stories.**



## A TRIBUTE TO THE "HABITANT."

(TO WILLIAM HENRY DPUMMOND, M. D., MONTREAL, P. Q.)

I am read on your book much as nine ten tam'  
 An' my wife she'll read him some to—  
 I thought dat, mabee, I would write a few line  
 An' same tam' congratulate you.

I'm poor Habitant and am never learn much,  
 But jus' de old common school book,  
 An' I know ting or two, can chop on de bush,  
 An' pass on de barge as de cook.

I am play fiddle some, can work on de farm,  
 Peel ram-a-tack bark in the spring,  
 I am manage de punt, an' catch de bull-plug,  
 An' tink I can do plaintee ting.

Now, de book dat I'll buy its not eos' me much—  
 I tink 'bout two dollar de fee—  
 But 'twill do plenty well for poor Habitant,  
 An' no man gets dat book from me.

An' my wife, Josephine, she'll work wery hard,  
 She'll knit all de sock for de men,  
 An' sometime, by-an'-by, when monce plentee,  
 We'll get better Drummond book den.

Dere's heap of good ting in dat plaintee cheap book,  
 All about de French Habitant,  
 An' my wife, Josephine, she'll cry every time  
 I read on de wreck "Julie Plaunt."

An' mabee I'll turn on de very nex' page,  
 Read de "nice leetle Canadienne;"  
 She'll wipe off her eye and say, "well dat's me,"  
 An' laugh like she'll bus' at it den.

Am read all about Jeremi's and his girl,  
 An' also read poem Jubilee,  
 Den I swing my shapoo, an I shout hooray  
 For de Queen and for our Canadie.

I like every piece in dat book "Habitant,"  
 But mos like de piece Jubilee,  
 For when it says how "les Canayens can fight,  
 I shout "Bullie Ike" dat is me.

I'v a couple of boy and four or five girl,  
 I'm going to have learn on dat book;  
 'Twill maybee keep it from danger by-an'-by—  
 They'll read the "Julie Plaunt" cook.

I don't want to take up de mos' of your time,  
 But wish you success and content;  
 I will pray providence spare Willie Drummond  
 An long live his book "Habitant."

I'm  
 An'  
 De  
 Am

Py  
 Dey  
 An'  
 Dat

An'  
 Dat  
 An'  
 I'll

I'll  
 He's  
 He  
 He'll

He's  
 And  
 He  
 He

He's  
 An'  
 I tin  
 An'

I'd  
 You  
 I ho  
 An'

## BATTEASE TYPE WRITTEN LETTER.

I'm pass on de pos' office, five, six days ago,  
 An' ax fer all de neighbor folk, an' for myself also.  
 De postmans gif me letter, wan all printed on de face,  
 Am look at it an' tink myself it's come from great bizz' place.

P'y gar, it's nearly mak' me mad, I no can understan',  
 Deys tiuk maybe I'm some gossoon an' no one can read de han'.  
 An' den my wife he's all explain, he's say dat's all de style—  
 Dat wealthy firm don't write some more but print it all the while.

An' when I read dat letter through, an' fin' it's from good frien',  
 Dats mak' no fool of me at all, why tings are all right den,  
 An' when he savs good tings 'bout me and wishes me success,  
 I'll tink myself I'm some punkin, I'm pretty proud, you guess.

I'll say Hooray for dat good frien' dat's born brought up near me,  
 He's have to go on Stat's Unis to mak' it some monee,  
 He was good boy, dat's true for sure, not shamed of Canadaw—  
 He'll not get dude in Yankee town, but jus' be Habitant.

He's ax me all about de folkes, for sure dat letter grand,  
 And sends regards to all de boys dats play in village band,  
 He used to blow brass horn wan time and play on band hessef,  
 He was good man on tenor horn—we miss him when he lef',

He's send me couple piece music, an' tol' me pass him roun',  
 An' ax me tell him all de news dats happen in de town.  
 I tink I'll write him pretty quick an' sol' me load of hay,  
 An' buy me second-class tiequette an' go Boston some day.

I'd like to see him very much, speak nice ting to he's wife,  
 You bet, she's nice Canayen girl, I know her all my life  
 I hope he'll make it plentee cash in dat big Yankee lan'  
 An' pass on Ontario some day a wealthy man.



# LOS' ON DE BUSH.

---

(A TRUE STORY OF A CHILD'S HEROISM.)

Pauline, my chil', sit down by me, I'll tole you story—one  
'Bout leetle girl got los' wan day down by beeg lake Charleston.  
Her name it was Carlina LaRose, she's live down on de lake—  
Her parents dey were no rich folk an' no fine house dey mak':

Wan day her parents dey go out to pick on berry patch,  
Leave leetle babe in small shantee with brave Carlina to watch.  
Carlina got lonesome by-an-by, small babee he can't talk,  
An' good Carlina she's pick him up and go for leetle walk.

Jus' leetle way, she tink she'll go, upon an ol' cow track,  
But somehow she's got los' on bush an' can't fin' shantee back.  
She's look dis way, she's look dat way, but cow track it am gone,  
She's go up hill, and she's down hill, an' by-an'-by night pass on.

Den she mak' bed of leaves for chil' dat soon go way to sleep,  
An' brave Carlina, lak sojer man, she's o'er dat babe watch keep.  
So do not have no ting for eat, but berries grow on hill,  
She hear no voice de whole long night, but jus' bird whip-poor-will.

By-an-by de morning she'll come light, an' chil' its start to cry  
An' Carlina she is tink herself without he eat he'll die,  
In place dat's lef' by fisherman she find small bottle dere,  
She break up berry with her hand an' juice for babe prepare.

For four long night an' four long day (Pauline dis story true),  
De brave Carlina she mind dat chil', jus' lak its moder do.  
Her clothes were torn by berry bush, her leetle feet was bare,  
But babe if he was pass alright for herself she don't care.

By chance M'sieur Parish wan day was go on lake in yacht,  
An' providence help steer de boat must be clar to dis spot.  
He tink he hear him leetle noise, lak some small children cry,  
He stop de boat an' look aroun' an' brave Carline he spy.

Good man he tak' her on his boat an' bring her to his wife,  
Madame Parish do all she can an' save de brave chil's life.  
I doubt if dere be sojer man dats fight on land or sea  
Dats pass through more than she did or be braver dan she be.

Since then the papers all mak' praise and call her heroine,  
An' lady come from great beeg place to see the brave Carline.  
An' all de folk dey shout Hooray ! an' pass aroun' de plate  
To put some dress on brave Caroline an' help for educate.



## OLD WES'POR'.

---

I'm travil me forty wan mille, maybe more,  
 On ole railway car tilt I'm pass on Wes'por'.  
 I'm came dere fer paint for wan beeg Yankee man,  
 Who for fresco de church he has it good plan,  
 Hees pay plenty cash, waal I'm don't care fer dat,  
 But hees fine rosey girl, she's a nice wan you bet.  
 It's mos'ly fer dat on Wes'por' I'm go,  
 But when I'm came dere she's hav' 'nother beau.

Waal I'm feel very bad, an' dat place round de eye,  
 An' de great beeg tear it is come wid de cry  
 I'm ax her what fer she is tak' it dis plan :  
 She's say she's no use fer de ole married man  
 She's tink dat hees look it much han'som' mabee—  
 Waal dat's good ting for him I'm married man me,  
 I'm tole him for dis if hees drop it de law,  
 An' put up his han's I'm mak' him horraw.

Dat's mighty fine place, de ole town of Wes'por',  
 She's build by beeg hill on de ole Rideau shore,  
 An' bully good place for to catch it beeg fish ;  
 De pike an' " bull plug " am mak' de fin' dish.  
 She's plaintee nice girl dat is wink on de eye,  
 And give it nice smile as she's pass on you by.  
 She's have fine gentleman's, an' nice lady tew,  
 Dat do all dey can mak' de weleom' for you.

She's got de nice church 'bout de bes' dat you'll fin'  
 An' de preachers for sure dey are lovin' and kin'.  
 She's print it la pape, de mirror, she's good wan,  
 An' Mis'ter Adams he's bully good man.  
 I'm go dere for hear all about dat beeg war,  
 I'm fin' it de Globe, an' de Mail an' de Star,  
 I'm guess he's don't mind him de great poletic  
 He don't say it much an' don't mak' de beeg kiek.

Dere's bully good mans dat's come grey on de face ;  
 Dats Scotch Willie Fife, dat's work on Dier's place.  
 He good for de hunt an' hees good fisherman ;  
 Hees fish it wid me but hees never cotch wan  
 Waal dat's seldom ting when hees fail to allure ;  
 An' hees say dat hees tink me de Jonah for sure.  
 Hees say hees a mind drown' me over de boat,  
 Dat is if hees sure dat I never would float.

You never tink dat of goo' mans, Willie Fife,  
 Dat hees lift him hees han's for tak' Habitant's life.  
 But hees come purty mad when hees no catch de trout—  
 Begosh ! I m afear mabee hees throw me out.  
 Hees say de Frenchman is no good lak' de Scotch ;  
 Waal I m don't come me mad mi kin' fren' very much.  
 Hees say all hees life hees don't see de like ;  
 I m don't know me for dat—but hees cotch it no pike.

Hees tole all about him—kill one thousand deer,  
 Cotch ten million fish wid de hook an' de spear.  
 Hees tole it beeg yarn 'bout what hees used tew do,  
 I m doubt it my fren's if dat yarn it be true.  
 Course I m can't say for dat, Willie may hav' de plan  
 But I m speak 'bout de day dat hees never cotch wan.  
 It's purty bad ting for blame French Habitant,  
 When hees hav' de sam' bate an' de good whiskey blame.

Waal how long I am stay on Wes'por' I m can't tell,  
 But dis I am say dat de peep use me well ;  
 An' when I m pass on an' de steamburg I m tak',  
 I m say de good word for Wes'por' by de lak'.  
 Course I m feel purty grieve an' I m heeve de beeg sigh,  
 An' de beeg blindin' tear he's come on de eye,  
 For I m los' mi bes' fren' dat de ting purty clear,  
 For dat feller hees steal him mi nice rosey dear.



## OLE WHITE-FISH JOE.

Ole Winter he's go for to tak' leetle res',  
 He's blow lak he bus' on de beeg March gale,  
 De sand-piper she is commence buil' de nes',  
 An' crowslips she's yellow down on de dale.

Ole White-fish Joe keep him eye on de wedder,  
 Hee's patch up ole punt dats down on de lak',  
 Hee's got de salt pork an' de ting altogedder,  
 An' beeg, beeg bottle of something for tak'.

Ole White-fish Joe he is good fisher man,  
 Hee's live him long tam on ole Charleston lak',  
 An' jus' for de luck White-fish has de plan  
 For bring grent beeg bottle of dat ting for tak'.

Hee's go dere, he say, for dat recreation,  
 But Joe, you can bet, he will fish wid dat hook,  
 An' if he don't catch him to dat expectation,  
 You'll hear it some ting dey don't print on de brook.

Ole White fish Joe, hee's tole me hisse'f,  
 Hee's bobbin for fish on dat punt all de night,  
 If he tink it for sure dat he don't get him lef'  
 An' dat on day broke he would get it beeg bite.

He's catch him for sure plaintee beeg salmon trout,  
 For Ole White fish Joe he's know de lak' well,  
 But how many beeg wans White fish is pull out,  
 For sure you don't know by the story he's tell.

Ole White-fish Joe he's jus' lak' de res'  
 Dat's spend leetle while wid dat rod an' de fly,  
 For to catch de beeg wan dey all do de bes';  
 If dey fail, jus' look out for some beeg whopper lie.

Some sports from de ole county town is come out,  
 For to have leetle tam to de lak' dey go down,  
 For sure dey is catch it great beeg salmon trout,  
 But de story dey tole lak' Ole White-fish's soun'.

Dey stay Cedar Park, dat's de place dey know well,  
 Dat's M'sieur Leavitt's sure dat everyone know ;  
 If you lak' beeg fish yarn, jus' get him for tell,  
 Mos' everyone tink he's beat White-fish Joe.

But dey say de fish yarns dey never count wan,  
 An' Jonah, de fisher, hees min' de big gate ;  
 Well, dat's lucky ting, for many good man,  
 But I would not lak' me for to chance it de fate,

Ole White-fish mus' pass o'er de river some day,  
 He's better get nice leetle story prepare  
 An' have it on heart an' already for say,  
 For hees fish story dat won't go over dere.

## MY GRAN' CHILE LEETLE JOE.

---

I lak' 'em w'en de day come short an' night is lang, lang tam,  
 An' mebbe norf win' she blow cold dat night,  
 De pork is pack it in de bar'l, potack he's in de ben,  
 An' everyting aroun' de farm alright.  
 'Tis den I lak' to build beeg fire in dat ole tam fire-place,  
 An' poke him up until hees mak' it glow,  
 Den I will lit me up mi peep and spen' me leetle while  
 To play me with mi gran' chile leetle Joe.

De woman folk dey got set down, some mak' punkin for dry,  
 Some knit de sock, some mak' de apple pare;  
 'Bout den we start gamm hide him seek, an' gran' chile leetle Joe  
 Will hide hees sef somewhere among de chair.  
 Bin-by I fin' him, pull him out, wees play at other gamm,  
 I mak him poney, den "hooraw" she go;  
 Mi gracious how I joy misef dem lang lang winter night  
 I play me with mi gran' chile leetle Joe.

Am tak de rogue upon mi knee, I tole him story few,  
 About ole tam w'en I was lad de sam;  
 Mebbe I'm tell how French and English fight for Canadaw,  
 An' dle brave sogers on plain Abraham.  
 Hees ax me many eurl's ting about dat eruel war,  
 An' coax me tole him more 'bout long ago;  
 Den I am spik him leetle pteece compose by "Mother Goose,"  
 Hees laugh jus' lak hees bus, my gran' chile Joe.

Wan night I spik him little pteece compose by "Mother Goose,"  
 About two dozen black birds bake in pie,  
 How w'en dat pie was ope' de birds dey start for sing;  
 Hees look at me an' say hees tink it lie.  
 Hees say if couple dozen birds was bake it hard in pie,  
 How dey would start for sing hees like to know;  
 Dat's why he's tink dat "Mother Goose" is stretch it of de truth,  
 Yoo mak no fool on him mi gran' chile Joe.

I get him interest in rhyme 'bout beggars come on town,  
 Carlo hees dream an' gif a leetle bark;  
 Den leetle Joe hees snug up closer to my side for fear,  
 Hees say "Gran' Pa, I's fear me of de dark."  
 An' den I tole all about good Mis'ur Santa Claus,  
 Dat drive hees leetle reindeer thr'o de snow,  
 How hees cam' 'round nex' Cris'mas tam with plantee leetle toy,  
 For sure hees not forgot mi gran' chile Joe.

Hees ax me curi's questions, an' wants to know for why  
 I have bald hed and beeg, beeg nose an' hans;  
 Hees ax me one ting dot is mak' me laugh hearty for sure,  
 Dat is, would he look lak me w'en hees mans?  
 Bin-by hees pass him off to sleep right dere agin mi heart,  
 I say me leetle prayer dats soft an' low,  
 An ax an Providence to tak' de all I have for spare,  
 But please for spare mi gran' chile leetle Joe.





## THE HABITANT'S STORY.

---

I'll tole you story, wan dats happen lang lang tam ago,  
 W'en I was young mans me, and leeve up Mattawa  
 De beeg rever she's froze it up, an' deep, deep, deep de snow,  
 An' beeg shantee she's run full blas' along the Ottawa.

Me brudder's cousin, Joe La Doe, is give him grand soiree,  
 Jus 'fore de tam de good Cure's tole us for to keep lent ;  
 Hees ax him all de jolly boy dats work in beeg shantee,  
 Dats bring his bes' girl wid him tew an' everything she's went.

Hees hire him Ole Battense Pockett dats play de ole fiddle well,  
 No mans he's beat Pockett, you bet, for play de ole tam tune ;  
 How many tam I'm dance dat night, for sure I no can tell  
 But everyone is tink de dance is broke it up tew soon,

Mi brudder's cousin ax him come wan Jean Maurice Malett,  
 Dat's leeve him at de Cure's meebie, four, five, six mile away ;  
 Hees bring wid him his rosa girl, she was nice one you bet,  
 Fer tole de truth, mi fren, I was for dat girl gone caza.

She's say she's promise to Maurice, but tole me down her home,  
 She's plaintee sister dat is make good femme for Habitant ;  
 She say dey mak de welcome fer it any tam I'm come—  
 I'm go, I'm marry Josephine, I'll be her bruder-law.

Well, for mi tale, de dance she broke, and all bid us bon soir,  
 Maurice hees fetch the carelall, Im fix de robes alright,  
 We wished de both bon voyage some tam, Im think 'bout half-pas four,  
 Hees say hooraw tew French pony an' soon der out of sight.

De winler night she's cold dat tam, but the youny heart she's glow,  
 Dey snug up close tewgether and don't mind de beeg snow squall,  
 But jus' lak wink Maurice is fin' his Rosa in de snow,  
 French pony he's get scar at ting an' tip de carelall.

I'm do not tink Maurice is drive dat pony very well,  
 Meebè hees busy mind him for it on his Rosa dear ;  
 Of course, I do not say fer sure, I was not dere for tell,  
 But dey was lef' fer hoof him home, dats purty clear.

Maurice is help hees Rosa up, dey tink dats great beeg fun ;  
 Jus den, Maurice is hear him noise, hees say for Rosa hush—  
 Dey know dat noise tew plaintee well, and both is start for run ;  
 Dat night de wolfe is out for sure upon de beeg, beeg bush.

Rosa she's tire in litlewhile, she pray de cure for see.  
 Jus ax de Bon Dieu for tew save Maurice and her dis time ;  
 Maurice is look him 'round him dere for fin him some beeg tree,  
 An den hees think himself Rosa de girl she do not clim.

Hees tink him of dat beeg long belt dat he is have tie 'round,  
 Hees tie wan end on Rosa dear den he is climb for limb ;  
 Maurice is reach de limb alright, meebè ten foot from ground,  
 Den he is draw dat Rosa girl right up dere safe by him.

Im tole you dis, mi fren, dat dey's got up that tree for soon,  
 For beeg grey wolfe dats plaintee tew for sure hees came on dere ;  
 Maurice is trow it great beeg club an holler lak some loon,  
 And for Rosa dat girl you bet she's be it purty sear.

Maurice hees put hees coat on her for keep her from de storm,  
 Den tew de tree hees tie her wid beeg belt so good and tight,  
 Den he is dance him on de limb for keep hees ownself warm.  
 And dats de way Maurice and Rosa court de rest de night.

Waal pony he is run him hard until hees reach de cure's,  
 De cure hear him, an' tink hees make beeg fuss dat tam de day.  
 Hees go him out and fin pony an careall for sure,  
 But for Maurice an Rosa girl de Bon Dieu where de dey.

De cure is woak de neighbor folk, dey go for hunt on dem,  
Dey tak dem plaintee gun and wan great beeg bulldog also :  
Dey tak de track dats lef by careiall on snow de men,  
Dey fin dem, drove dem off de wolf den home de party go.

De cure hees go on St. Peter's an marry dem next day,  
Deys live dem many long, long year an happy tams dey see,  
An many tams In heard Maurice unto his good femme say  
Rosa, you don't forget dat tams I spark you on de tree.



# OLE BROC'VILLE TOWN.

---

One tam on de pas' Broc'ville have other nam,  
 Don't know me how long, maybe wan hunder year;  
 She's was keep it ole name for many long wile,  
 Till tam Gen'rl Brock de great man is com here;  
 Den dey change it de nam an dey call it for him,  
 Dat is for de Brock, I'm don't know for de Ville;  
 She's pass by dat nam w'en I'm leetle garcon,  
 She's go by dat since, an she be Broc'ville still.

Mi grandfader live him near Ole Broc'ville town;  
 Dats beautiful place w're great beeg reveer start,  
 An I'm speak it for true w'en I say, de ole place  
 Has leetle warm spot in dis Habitant's heart;  
 Hees cam 'bout de tam de Un'is Loyalists,  
 Dem ole patriot folk dats leave Yankee lan quick;  
 Dey have true British heart dem ole folk every wan,  
 An don't lak dem much dat Republick.

Dats good ting to have for to say, mi good fren,  
 Dat your folk w'er patriot and true Britishier,  
 An I'm tink, if you look it around leetle bit,  
 You ll fin de sam kin dey is live it 'round here;  
 You jus let some foe dat is look eagle eye,  
 Dey tink easy ting gobble up Canadaw,  
 Hees fin hees get left; dat soger never live  
 Dats fight jus de sam lak Canuck Habitant.

Many tam I've heard mi ole grandfader tole  
 'Bout long tam ago w'en he was him young man,  
 How a lot Qankee chap got it on de head  
 To tak Canadaw an possess dem de lan;  
 Hees tak up de gun and go on to dat place,  
 Dats Prescott hees fight him dat town on Win' Mill,  
 An' dere was 'nother tam dat de ole mans is fight,  
 Dats de tam Yankee chap is run down Pigon Hill.

Since den we are keep it de peace all de tam,  
 An got 'long wit de great Yankee people jus fin ;  
 But 'Im tole you for dis mi good Yankee fren,  
 Don't pass it your gun on de Canadaw line ;  
 You can come visit us, you be welcome for dat,  
 We'll shake it de han an de good fren we mak,  
 But you jus pass your hand on Ole Canadaw,  
 You'll fin out, my fren, dat you mak beeg mistake.

Wall, dat is long tam since mi grandfader come  
 To live him on Broc'ville from Ole Morrial,  
 Dat's long 'fore de ear or de steamboat she's go,  
 Dat's long 'fore dey build dem de great beeg canal ;  
 Hees bring wit him tew nice Canayen famm  
 Dat hees marry for love on de Riviere de Loup,  
 Dey's tak dem de honeymoon taip on Broc'ville,  
 Up Ole St. Laurance Riviere in wan beeg canoe.

Broc'ville, she's wild place w'en hees lan his canoe  
 On leetle small island dats out from de shore ;  
 Dere hees build him shantee for nice leetle famm  
 An tak him his gun an lay down by de door ;  
 Dere no much disturb him de plentee long night,  
 But many de tam, w'en de night she be still,  
 Hees hear him big bar prowel him 'round on de bush  
 An listen de wolfe howl on place "Scovil Hill."

De wild deer she's run w'er de King street now pass  
 An tak to de water w'ere steamboat she's lan ;  
 Dere was beeg boulder hill w'ere now build de town,  
 An beeg bush com'ence w'ere de station now stan ;  
 Dere was plentee brave heart dats live dere dat tam,  
 But no braver wan dan mi grandfader Joe ;  
 Jus giv him de ting what you call de fair play  
 Dat mans you can bet he is fear him no foe.

Wall, since dat de change she's pass on de place ;  
 She's all built up just lak nice city style,  
 De steam ear she's go an de boat she's lan,  
 She'll be beeg city place in just leetle while ;

She's have de nice folk dat you find anyw'ere,  
 De nice gentlemen's dat I'm speak it for true,  
 An nice lady tew lak you can't fin de beat,  
 An pretty Canayen girl she dere tew.

Two member dey go for to set parliament,  
 Dey differ de politic, course dat be so,  
 Both got it good head for to run public ting  
 An go'd speech on de mouth dey is mak it to flow ;  
 She's beeg factory tew, dat's many de tam,  
 An beeg beeg hotel you can get whiskey blanc,  
 I'm often go in for to res leetle while,  
 Have me leetle chat aud smoke peep tobac.

She's got two paper dat is print every day,  
 No town she's beat dem ve-y much dat I guess ;  
 Some tam dey mak fuss 'bout de great poletic,  
 Den many folk say dat de both was de bes ;  
 De ole Recorder she is bes one for me,  
 I'm remember de tam she's hold beeg jubilee,  
 Dat's long tam ago, meebec twenty-five year,  
 I'm know editor den, Mes'ure Willie.

I'm don't want to tak me de bes of your tam,  
 So dat's mos of de story 'bout ole Broc'ville town ;  
 Mebec dat somtam I am tink more of it  
 I'm tole it to you some day w'en I'm come down ;  
 An dis I am say dat I'm go me 'round much,  
 An I'am lak every place on ole Canadaw,  
 But no place I'm fin an no place I'm see  
 Dats suit lak ole Broc'ville dis poor habitant.



## OFF ON DE BIG HUNT.

Maybe you'll know Batoule Loverin, he was great man for hunt,  
 He's editor on paper, print him too—  
 He's get him up some leetle crowd called de Reporter Club,  
 Hat was crazy for hunt jus' same's he do.  
 Dey was brave mans dat go for hunt in big norf bush,  
 An' if dey meet some wolf dey'll have his fur ;  
 Mabee dey'll hunt for other ting—mabee some moose—some bear—  
 But mos'ly on some deer, dey'll look for her.



" He's get him up some leetle crowd called de Reporter Club."

De Sports dat mak' it up dis club dey was good boys for sure,  
 You wait on me I'll tole you who dey be :  
 One man he lif in Elgin town, he's sell him lot machine,  
 He's go for hunt, he's name Phil Halladee ;

An' other man dats lif close by de sport called Halladee,  
Is go him long to have him little spree,  
He's lif him round on Phillippsville, he's work him on de farm,  
He was good man for catch de fish--dats Ripi-ipi-lee.

Tree mans de come from county town, down on de ole St. Lawrence,  
Dats Island City--Brockville jail she's dere,  
Suppose you don't waik on him straight, but do de pace dats crook,  
I'll tole you dis, my frien', you for tak' care.  
Well, dats alright--one chap he's come. I tink he nam's Geiger,  
He's manage railway dats lak blazes go;  
He's train it run on week-day sure--well dats in summer tam--  
On winter tam some day she's stop de snow.

Den dere was Billee Dawson, cook, and Cossitt, bcass dog man,  
An' Charlie Staggs he's run de whole bizness,  
Dey's call on him de Butcher Boy, for why I no can tell--  
Mabee he's lak him pound of pork I guess.  
An' dere was Doctor Coon, he's come from Elgin, too,  
He's go along an' tak him two, tree pill,  
An' if some mans was home-sick an' want it some physick,  
De good doctor she'll cure him of dat ill.

Bul jus' you wait an' I will tole you 'bout good man dat go,  
He's name Reynolds, his preacher by de trade,  
He go him with de boys to have some fun an' cotch him deer,  
An' mabee keep it from de bad word said.  
An' if some mans he's get in fight with bear or cariboo,  
In camp he keep him from it tell a lie,  
An' if dey do get scalp it all by great big injua mans,  
Why, he'll mak' dat alright before deys die,

Well may dey go, Reporter mans he's got nice ting for tak'--  
Great big friedcake, you never saw de beat.  
He's got him bak' it up on Hickey's corner, called Slack's place,  
He's big wan, as much as any mans can eat.  
He's tak' along with him tree bushel big white bean,  
Great pile of stuff, de lak' you never saw  
Of course, I don't say dat de man is drink him very much,  
But tink he should have tak' him whiskey blanc.



Well whiskey blane it is good ting w'en mans is tak' de sick,  
For sure, 'tis good ting for to have in camp;  
Mabee some sport his tak' de sick, he's coteh de stomach ache,  
Mabee dat fisher boy he's tak' de eramp.  
Well, dats alright, an' all I'm say about dat hunt club now,  
Dey will stay one week an' mabee dey'll stay two—  
You wait yoursef jus' leetle while till editor come back,  
De whole bizness den he will tole to you.



